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IRELAND AND CONSERVATIVE CRITICISM.

THE very serious and alarming intelligence which has been received from Ireland during the last few days may be said to have, in a certain degree, thrown the Land Bill itself into the background. Thanks chiefly to the action of the less well-counselled of the Roman Catholic clergy, the famous measurable distance seems at last to be over-stepped. Reticent as Mr. CHILDERS has been about the events at New Pallas, the main facts seem not to be doubtful, and a renewed expedition of all arms is announced against the "Castle." In Clare a regular fight has occurred, in which the police were fired on from houses as they advanced up the street. The agents of the Property Defence Association, in the discharge, not only of a business perfectly legal, but of one which will continue to be perfectly legal even when the Land Bill has become law, have had to be protected by something like a battalion of infantry, and to be harboured and supplied with the necessaries of life at the barracks. Finally, a natural, but most dangerous, spirit of resentment is said to be growing up among the troops, who are tired of being stoned and mobbed and bludgeoned with iron bars while they are not permitted to retaliate. In short, the result of the mismanagement of the Government is rapidly becoming intolerable, and they might themselves be relieved if they were brought out of their difficulty by an open revolt. They have coaxed and irritated, negotiated and fought, suppressed and encouraged by turns, until the whole business has got out of their control, even if they wished to control it, and the necessary whiff of grape shot when at last they make up their minds to it will in consequence have to be rather a blast than a whiff. One thing would of itself convict the Government of the worst mismanagement. It is notorious that the Irish Roman Catholic clergy were long reluctant to throw in their lot with the movement; it is equally notorious that a large section of them have now done so. This can only be due to the effect produced by Ministerial vacillation, and by the hopes which that vacillation has excited.

Meanwhile the Land Bill itself has been making a languid progress quite in keeping with a measure in which, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has said very pithily, not ten men on either side of the House believe. The amendments are in process of consolidation, and two or three divisions have been taken heavily in favour of the Government. It is, however, noteworthy that in almost every case the question mooted will turn up again at a later stage, and that the defence which Mr. GLADSTONE has made against the attack has been much more undecided and much less uncompromising than the tone of his observations some weeks ago. He has receded in his own peculiar fashion from the doctrine he recently seemed to advance that the whole surplus value derived from competition belongs to the tenant. This was in his reply to Sir R. CROSS. The night before, in replying to Mr. BRAND, he had made an admission which in the mouth of a politician less given to the use of the *distinguo* would have been of the greatest importance. "Decidedly," he said, "if the landlord had bought the tenant-right he ought to have it." Now most lawyers notoriously hold that, in future, if the landlord buys the tenant-right he is not to have it; while hardly any one denies that the Bill as it stands would put certain land-

lords, be they many or few, in the same position at the present time. A new clause is, however, promised, which is in some undefined but certainly partial way to deal with this question. Movements of this kind may or may not indicate a genuine disposition to compromise. The obstinate refusal to define tenant-right is still maintained, and the House is thus in a manner asked to award it does not know what to it does not know whom. But it is very noteworthy that the PRIME MINISTER'S own supporters are telling him that English Liberals are getting tired of the Land Bill, that the BRADLAUGH incident has weakened the allegiance of not a few of them, and that "an appeal to the country might be of very doubtful expediency." Nor are the most numerous or the most important amendments on the paper by any means the work of the Conservative party. A measure which is in this predicament, which is weakly defended, about which no one is enthusiastic, depends entirely for its chances of success on the mere brute fidelity of a party majority. It is well known how such fidelity, when it is not supported by conviction from within or pressure from without, is wont to be shaken by repeated divisions in Committee.

When matters are in such a condition the attitude of the Opposition becomes a matter of special interest, and during the past week both Opposition leaders have expounded that attitude. Lord SALISBURY'S speech at Willis's Rooms must have undeceived those who either from want of understanding or haste had affected to see evidence of rashness and an intention to provoke a dangerous quarrel in an earlier utterance of his. The most jealous critic of the House of Lords would have found it difficult to find fault with Lord SALISBURY'S expressions on this occasion. Only those who, with a confusion of ideas which may or may not be honest, mix up their desire to get the Land Bill through with their desire to stir up enmity against the Upper Chamber, can deny that criticism and, if it thinks fit, alteration, of such a measure as the Land Bill are not merely the right, but the duty, of the Upper House. The distinction, too, which Lord SALISBURY drew between the confirmatory and the confiscatory portions of the Bill must be evidently legitimate to all who do not take Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances as a final explanation of everything. But perhaps the most important part of the speech was that in which the speaker adroitly intimated that the importance of the Land Bill was, after all, capable of exaggeration. There are persons, no doubt, who have kept their heads in this matter. But, as it has been the habit of the extreme partisans of the Government to argue an immediate return of SATURN'S reign (except in the matter of political economy) in Ireland as a consequence of the Bill, so some extreme opponents of the Government have spoken as if the measure would at once hand over the soil of Ireland to the tenants. Probably the greatest danger of it is that it will do neither of these things. It will put money in the purse of the present tenants; it will take that money out of the purse of the present landlords. But it will do and can do nothing to allay the causes of Irish distress, though it may do something to aggravate them. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in his Manchester speech took up this latter contention, and may be said indeed to have established it. The analogy of the feverish or dropsical patient which he used is of course sufficiently hackneyed, but it is for once absolutely in place. But neither Lord SALISBURY nor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE advocated a direct resistance to the Bill, for the very

reasons which have again and again been pointed out. Thanks to the Government, something must be done to Ireland, and the Opposition are not in a position to dictate what the something shall be. They can only try to minimize the harm and increase the good of the Bill as much as they can. They are not responsible for the disease, and they have not been called in as physicians by the patient. Yet, at the same time, it would be absurd to overlook the fact that a comparatively slight development of the present state of things in Ireland might alter the situation in a very remarkable way. The scattered sparks of civil dissension may break out at almost any moment into a widespread conflagration. With that conflagration there would be two ways of dealing. One of them may be called the Transvaal method—that of yielding to force and calling the concession magnanimity. The Land Bill might be altered in Archbishop CROKE's sense, arrears of rent might be wiped off with a stroke and so forth, while the present system of half- or rather quarter-hearted coercion was continued. It is doubtful, however, whether it is yet safe to try this so near home. The foreign example has not been relished even by Liberals; and the discontent which, we are told, Liberals feel at the state of Ireland will hardly be cured by such a method. The other plan—the adoption of vigorous, sudden, and concerted action for re-establishing in Ireland the obedience due to the law; the suspension of all concessions until the re-establishment is effected—would set the Radicals in open revolt, and could, indeed, hardly be carried out by the present Government under any circumstances. These contingencies are, indeed, contingencies only, but they have to be taken into consideration, and that consideration no doubt accounts for the attitude of hostile, but not uncompromising, criticism which the two leaders of the Opposition have adopted and supported by arguments different indeed, but mutually complementary.

THE TRANSVAAL.

EITHER the Government knows little of the progress of negotiations in the Transvaal, or it has nothing satisfactory to communicate. The task imposed on the English Commissioners is more difficult and complicated than any ordinary diplomatic transaction. It is uncertain whether the representatives of the Boers, even if their good faith may be trusted, have sufficient authority to bind their supposed constituents. From the nature of the case they could not have been regularly elected, and, according to prevalent rumours, their more turbulent countrymen are prepared to repudiate any unpalatable settlement. The leaders have hitherto been either unwilling or unable to keep their own distinct promises. The murderers of Captain ELLIOT, though they are well known, have not been brought to justice, but the guns which were treacherously captured at Potchefstroom have at last been restored. The place itself is about to be re-occupied, though it seems strange that Sir EVELYN WOOD should venture to expose a new garrison to the risk of such misadventures as those which befel their predecessors. As long as the negotiations continue it must be assumed that a definite and intelligible solution is still possible. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and Sir EVELYN WOOD, though they are probably controlled by stringent orders from home, would scarcely condescend to prolong a fictitious discussion if they had ascertained that the leaders of the Boers were determined to make no reasonable concession; yet there is little hope of providing either security or compensation for the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, and the Boers will be reluctant to surrender the parts of their nominal territory which are principally occupied by native tribes.

The claim of the English and Dutch settlers who recognized the annexation is stronger than that of the natives. The formal declarations of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, which were afterwards ratified and renewed by the Home Government, justified the confidence of those who invested their capital and employed their industry in reliance on the maintenance of English sovereignty. Liberal eulogists of the policy of the present Government assert that the English inhabitants of the Transvaal are selfish adventurers, not always of unblemished character, who have migrated into the province for the purpose of making or improving their fortunes. It is highly probable that they may

not all be models of disinterested virtue, for persons of regular habits are not prone to doubtful and hazardous enterprises. The settlers in the remote Western States of America, the Frenchmen who seek their fortunes in the Algerian interior, might perhaps be equally unable to bear a strict investigation into their characters; but, if external danger threatened, the American or the French Government would not have to inquire whether their citizens had a personal claim to protection. The English population of the Transvaal probably resembles that which has spread the language of its country over a large part of the globe. The Home Government has often attempted to escape the obligation of following with protection and control the first founders of colonies which have afterwards expanded into great and flourishing communities. Forty years ago, the first settlers in New Zealand were often reproached with the unauthorized enterprise which had imposed fresh burdens on the mother-country. The English inhabitants of the Transvaal must be defended against injustice, first because they are Englishmen, and also on the ground that they had a right to rely on official assurances. Some of them have already thought it prudent to abandon their new homes. Others may, perhaps, if they are exposed to persecution, prove troublesome neighbours to their oppressors; but the Government is right in offering no encouragement to Englishmen who may be inclined to excite the warlike passions of the natives. The COLONIAL SECRETARY has ordered the dismissal of an officer who expressed in a report to his superiors his wish to join the Swazis in a possible war with the Boers.

The native tribes, though they are believed to be unanimous in their preference of English allegiance, have probably been only in a few cases directly affected by the establishment or withdrawal of Imperial rule. During the interval between the annexation and the successful rebellion by which it was terminated, the colonial authorities were too fully occupied to meddle with the questionable relations between the Boers and the natives. A partisan of the Boers not long since triumphantly challenged the English administrators to prove that they had liberated a single slave, or that they had checked the practice of kidnapping native children. The natives were nevertheless well convinced that the maintenance of English sovereignty would involve both the suppression of slavery and the general discouragement of aggression on the part of the Boers. They must now reconcile themselves as they may to the disappointment of well-founded hopes; but there is no reason to believe that they have incurred any positive loss. Their hostility to their habitual enemies seems to be unabated. Some of the chiefs are said to have armed in support of the Government during the brief war; and it is said that the Boers have lately organized an expedition for the punishment of a large tribe. It is not a little remarkable that the heavy blow which has been inflicted on the military reputation of England seems not to have produced any disposition to revolt against Imperial supremacy. The enemies whom the native chiefs principally dread are also the enemies of England. When the negotiations are concluded, and when the army now quartered in Natal is dispersed, it is not improbable that there may be native risings in the Transvaal, and it is also possible that the insurgents may find allies or leaders among the English sufferers from the restoration of the Republic. The agitation which has been caused by the English reverses has extended to Zululand. The well-known adventurer JOHN DUNN, now one of the chiefs among whom the country was divided by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, expresses a fear, which is probably shared by his neighbours and colleagues, that the English protectorate may be withdrawn, with the inevitable result of destroying the actual settlement. Perseverance for a fortnight or three weeks in the Ministerial policy of bloodguiltiness might perhaps have prevented the commencement of an era of anarchy and war.

No recent information has been received as to the political condition of the Cape. The new Ministry which represents the preponderance of Dutch influence will probably be supported by the constituencies; and it will be anxious to conclude peace with the Basutos. For the present the war is suspended, though it is not formally terminated. Lord KIMBERLEY declines to express any opinion on the plans of settlement; and Sir HERCULES ROBINSON is for the time unavoidably detained in Natal. It is not likely that active hostilities will be renewed. Both

parties have found that the war was burdensome and unprofitable; but, on the whole, the Basutos are so far the winners that they have averted the disarmament which they originally resisted. Mr. SPRIGG might perhaps have retained power for some time longer if he had not committed himself to the mistaken policy of the Basuto war. It might have been politic to deprive the natives of arms if he had been secure against resistance; but it was an error to incur the burden of war merely for the purpose of rendering insurrection difficult. The only advantage which has accrued to the colony has been the satisfaction of asserting its practical independence. The contest has been conducted wholly by means of colonial resources; and every occasion has been taken to warn the Home Government that it would not be allowed to interfere with the result. The rejection of Imperial control by the colonies which have obtained the privilege of responsible government is so far expedient that it is unavoidable. It was indeed doubtful whether the Cape, with its rival white races, with its native population, and its vicinity to independent tribes, ought not to have been administered for some time longer as a Crown colony; but the concession of administrative independence, rightly or wrongly made, is, in its nature, irrevocable; and up to the present time it has not produced in the Cape Colony any disastrous consequences. The English and Dutch sections have succeeded to power alternately; and the policy practised to natives within the limits of the colony has, except in the case of the Basutos, been moderate and successful. It is asserted that the Dutch population of the Cape would have displayed active disaffection if the Transvaal war had continued; but up to the present time there has been no disturbance. As the project of federation is indefinitely suspended, there seems to be no pretext on which dissensions between the Government of the Cape and the Colonial Office are likely to arise.

M. GAMBETTA AT CAHORS.

A VISIT like that which M. GAMBETTA has been paying to Cahors is necessarily open to some ridicule. To modern eyes all civil pageants look a little silly, and M. GAMBETTA's progress had to be very civil indeed. It was impossible for him to give it a military air without running the double risk of exciting German suspicion and alarming the French peasantry. It is true he uncovered a monument to the soldiers of 1870, but he did it with a speech which might have been made at an English Volunteer dinner, and have introduced the toast of "Defence, not 'Defiance.'" When a king goes about among his subjects there is nothing unnatural in his being surrounded by as many soldiers as can be got together. They are specially his soldiers, and they are enlisted to make a show in time of peace almost as much as to fight in time of war. But when the President of one of the Chambers employs himself in the same way there is no obvious reason why guards should be turned out and troops be presenting arms at every step he takes. If the Republic were on better terms with the Church, the clergy would gladly have filled up the gap. Beneath the cathedral vault, and amidst the gleam of tapers and the smoke of incense, ecclesiastical splendours seem quite in keeping. They are traditional; they date from a time when men had a natural eye for effect and grouping; and continuous custom has prevented the elaborate ceremonial from seeming foolish to those engaged in it. It is true that M. GAMBETTA, even if he had been the best of Catholics, would have had to content himself with his black coat. The long list of ecclesiastical vestments contains none that are specially set apart for distinguished politicians. But even the black coat, though it does not look imposing in a procession, takes a borrowed honour from the fact that all this display is got together to do honour to its wearer. As it is, we read the accounts of M. GAMBETTA's journey without being reminded of anything more imposing than a rich dowager travelling homewards with her valet, her doctor, and her poodle, and, perhaps, receiving an address of welcome from the corporation of the town in which, as Mr. Dod would put it, she "has influence."

M. GAMBETTA found himself at another disadvantage as compared with kings and emperors. Either there are no stories in circulation about their early lives, or those who know such stories think it more prudent not to tell them. M. GAMBETTA could not hope for exemption on

either of these grounds. He is too famous not to have already become a legendary hero in his birthplace; and though he is figuratively the master of many legions, they do not inspire such instant terror as the real legions which surround a real monarch. Consequently, the newspapers gave themselves up for days before the visit was paid to wonderful anecdotes of M. GAMBETTA's precocity, and of the marks of future greatness which were visible in him from the very beginning. He had read history as a boy, and forthwith the study became invested in the eyes of many adult Frenchmen with an interest it had never possessed before. An essay of his had been honoured by a *proxime accessit*, and, under the kindly influences of subsequent greatness, that *proxime accessit* has become the most magnificent of prizes.

We tremble for the future of the professor who betrayed by his too conscious demeanour his recollection of having occasionally punished M. GAMBETTA for breaches of discipline. How will he ever venture to inflict a penalty again when the effect will be to place the offender, at least in his own estimation, on a level with the President of the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES? It is true he will be able to quote M. GAMBETTA's exhortation to the students not to be idle or undisciplined, as he was. But in this case, if ever, example may be expected to be more powerful than precept. The boys of Cahors will be more inclined to emulate M. GAMBETTA's glorious disobedience than to follow his decorous counsels. It might not have been unpleasant to M. GAMBETTA to revisit the scenes of his childhood in this heroic and imposing fashion if there had been no Paris criticism in the background. But the certainty that out of every one of the interesting incidents thus recovered from the past some material for satire would be distilled must have been a woful drawback to M. GAMBETTA's enjoyment. Behind the admiring crowd he must constantly have seen the spectral staff of the *Figaro*, and heard the malicious laugh of its readers through the cheers of the most applauding crowd.

Yet, when all allowance has been made for the touch of absurdity which is inseparable from occasions of this kind, it is indisputable that M. GAMBETTA's journey has been a very great success. It marks more completely than anything that has yet taken place, his severance from the Extreme Left. For a long time past there has been in all his speeches an obvious endeavour not entirely to break with them. This is probably the explanation of that whole series of inflammatory utterances which began with "Le cléricisme c'est l'ennemi." Here was the one chance of finding a common ground on which M. GAMBETTA and those who had once believed in him could agree to act. There is not a trace of this feeling in the speech which M. GAMBETTA made at Cahors on Saturday. All the disturbing ideas with which his name has been from time to time associated have disappeared. All thought of rivalry with M. GRÉVY has been put aside. M. GRÉVY's past is "the pledge of his present, and constitutes the security of the future." The peasant is set up as the ideal of French greatness. It is his robust common-sense that has established the Republic, and it is his interests that the Republic—so long, at least, as it is animated by M. GAMBETTA's spirit—must have nearest its heart. The Constitution may be imperfect, but it must not be improved too hastily. We seem almost to hear M. GAMBETTA giving utterance to the sentiment which once shocked Mr. ARNOLD, that an institution is not the worse for being an anomaly. The precedent for France to follow is that set by the United States, where the Constitution is regarded almost as sacred, and is not subjected even to the slightest amendment except under the pressure of an irresistible popular concourse. More wonderful still, M. GAMBETTA very nearly went the length of exclaiming "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" The Senate has not yet accomplished its revolution; but, when it has been completely renewed, the country will be astonished to find how great a blessing it has been undervaluing. "Who knows," M. GAMBETTA asked, "whether it may not become at a certain moment our supreme resource?" What the President of the CHAMBER meant by this, or whether he meant anything, must remain for ever uncertain, for no authentic record remains of it. The words were suppressed in the report forwarded to the Paris papers, and M. GAMBETTA asked the local journalists to do him the same service. It is clear, however, that a man who, even in the moment of his greatest excitement, is not betrayed into anything more revolutionary than im-

prudent praise of a Second Chamber has sown his political wild oats. M. GAMBETTA'S enemies say of him that he has turned forty, and has grown rich and fat. But this is only an uncivil way of putting the very important fact—the most important of all facts perhaps for France at this moment—that years and prosperity have left their mark on him, and that he feels stealing over his soul the soothing influences of that practical Conservatism which has its root in contentment with things as they are.

The one thing that comes out most clearly, both from this speech and from the opposition offered by the Cabinet to M. BARODET'S proposal to revise the Constitution, is that M. GAMBETTA has elected to be Prime Minister rather than President of the Republic. If M. GAMBETTA had come to the opposite conclusion, he would naturally have desired to see the President elected directly by the people. Wherever he is so, he necessarily becomes the representative of the nation in a greater and more conspicuous sense than any in which the Chamber of Deputies can be called its representative. He is the offspring of an immediate and simultaneous vote. He and his policy are submitted to the national judgment, and if they are accepted they necessarily take precedence in the minds of the electors of the crowd of deputies who have been returned on all manner of cross issues. Perhaps if the President had been elected by the people M. GAMBETTA would not have cared to abolish the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. The more obscure and impracticable the Chamber became the more striking the figure of the President would have looked by its side. The praise of M. GRÉVY in the speech at Cahors on Saturday and the determination of the Cabinet to oppose any modification of the Constitution are unmistakable indications that M. GAMBETTA has made up his mind to rule through M. GRÉVY and not instead of him. In this way he will at least reap the advantage of having a second string to his bow. After being Prime Minister under one Constitution he may be President of the Republic under another.

MR. BLENNERHASSETT ON MINORITIES.

MR. BLENNERHASSETT, who has often shown a desire, not universal among Irish members, to contribute to useful legislation, lately raised a short discussion on Mr. HARE'S scheme, and on other more or less ingenious contrivances for securing representation to minorities. On former occasions more zealous supporters of the democratic cause have expressed similar opinions. Mr. MILL, with laudable candour and with characteristic want of practical insight, was an earnest advocate of Mr. HARE'S puzzle. Mr. FAWCETT and Sir CHARLES DILKE have maintained the claim of minorities to power proportionate to their numbers, though political issues must generally be determined in one of two incompatible forms. There is no reason why a majority, however small, should in ordinary cases submit to a compromise; but it is undoubtedly desirable that there should be an Opposition strong enough in numbers to command attention to its remonstrances and warnings. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN understand better than their more tolerant allies the principle and spirit of government by numbers. If the multitude is fit to exercise supreme and irresponsible power there is no reason for hampering or limiting its authority. Mr. BRIGHT has since the question was first raised denounced with consistent vehemence every project for the protection of minorities. Having been all his life on the side of the majority, he sees no reason for throwing away the advantages of his position. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been the principal author of an organization which is well adapted to its purpose of excluding the upper and middle classes, with the exception of a few popular leaders or demagogues, from even the smallest share of political, municipal, or parochial representation. In his model town of Birmingham those inhabitants who refuse to swallow the Liberal test are subject to an excommunication more complete than that from which Roman Catholics were relieved fifty years ago. No despotism is so pitiless as that of demagogues administering power vested in the populace.

Mr. BLENNERHASSETT will vote, when the opportunity occurs, for the extension of the suffrage to householders in counties; but he probably regards the approaching change with little enthusiasm, as he proposes partially to counteract its natural results. The claims of flesh and

blood, or of the man on the other side of the hedge, though they may seem irresistible to an admirer of theoretical uniformity, suggest to timid politicians the probability of oppression and spoliation; but it seems absurd to admit a mass of doubtful or dangerous voters, and then to take elaborate precautions against the result. Even if the sovereign populace could be cajoled into a prudent surrender of its supremacy, artificially protected minorities would hold their privileges at the mercy of their condescending benefactors. The greatest advantage of the historical Constitution which is now gradually disappearing was that it casually provided unequal and dissimilar constituencies which produced a variety of representation. That Mr. MACAULAY or Mr. LOWE, sitting for the little borough of Calne, should outweigh a score of members returned for large manufacturing towns seemed not to be an anomaly when it was made possible by ancient and unquestioned arrangements. The deliberate division of the representation of Manchester between the majority and the minority shocks the intelligence of many politicians who are less violent partisans than Mr. BRIGHT. If, after the next degradation of the franchise, a machinery devised for the protection of minorities should be found temporarily effective, it would be easily and certainly destroyed by the acknowledged rulers of the country. Popular orators would contend with irresistible force that when the supreme right of the working classes was once recognized, it would be inconsistent with sound doctrine and with practical convenience to fritter their sovereignty away. The recent precedent furnished by the French Chamber is almost conclusive. The election of single deputies by *arrondissements* made openings for personal influence, for local peculiarities, and generally for the representation of minorities. The *Scrutin de liste* will, in the language of its advocates, exclude provincial favouritism, and compel or enable an entire department to return a batch of members chosen only for their political opinions, and probably representing in almost every instance the dominant party. M. GAMBETTA has accomplished at a stroke the feat to which on a smaller scale Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has long devoted his energies. The next French Chamber will not be so completely purged as the Birmingham Corporation; but it will contain an overwhelming number of advanced Republicans. It is doubtful whether the House of Commons a dozen years hence may not hold still more extreme opinions.

A provision of bladders or air-belts on the eve of immersion in deep water may to Mr. BLENNERHASSETT and other respectable politicians seem a judicious precaution; yet the safer plan would be to remain on dry land instead of making a gratuitous plunge. Lord DERBY'S avowal that he was taking a leap in the dark was thought to be more cynical than statesmanlike. Since his time sufficient light has been admitted to show the depth of the abyss. The extinction of the suffrage may perhaps not be immediately followed by the adoption of the *Scrutin de liste*, for it may be expected that for the present constituencies will only return two or three members apiece; but in every electoral division the majority will consist of recipients of weekly wages, who will be urged by managers of the Birmingham type to vote exclusively for candidates of extreme opinions. It will perhaps be desirable that professional manipulators of elections should, as in the United States, hereafter supersede fanatical demagogues. A Republican or Democratic politician neither entertains strong prejudices nor appeals for the most part to the passions of voters. The machinery of American representation is too regular in its operation to allow the intervention of disturbing forces. It has also been often shown that the institutions of the United States include many checks and balances which are unknown in England. The retention by the several States of most of the functions of government greatly reduces the sphere of the political activity of the PRESIDENT and of the Congress. Again, the Senate which is not chosen by popular election is more powerful than the House of Representatives, and the PRESIDENT is for many purposes independent of both. The sovereignty of Parliament once administered by the democracy will be irresistible.

Proposals for the protection of minorities are only interesting as admissions of the danger which is about to be deliberately incurred. The special objections which are urged to various schemes for rendering popular legislation comparatively innocuous would be deserving of attention if it were probable that democracy would abdicate on

the morrow of its accession. English Radicals are as intolerant as French Republicans, who threaten the Senate with extinction if it presumes to oppose the will of the Chamber. The House of Lords, which still possesses a certain independence, uses its remaining power to obtain a hearing for minorities. Modern institutions devised for a similar purpose would be far more easily swept away. There can be little doubt that Mr. HARE's complicated arrangements would facilitate the election of a certain number of members interested in petty crotchets and representing zealous factions. Whether any serious disadvantage would result from the presence in the House of a few enthusiasts for the diffusion of small-pox or other diseases is perhaps doubtful. It is a more certain, though perhaps not a graver, inconvenience that in the familiar case of three-cornered constituencies the death or resignation of the members of the minority makes room for one of the opposite party. It is perhaps useless to deprecate changes which appear to be inevitable. The combination of physical force with political sovereignty is dangerous to freedom and to property; but the same reasons which show that the supremacy of the multitude is objectionable also prove that, under certain conditions, it is irresistible. Those who have precipitated the transformation of the old Parliamentary system have done but questionable service to the country. Mr. GLADSTONE many years ago expressed a theoretical approval of universal suffrage; but it was in his absence that Lord HARTINGTON unnecessarily pledged the Liberal party to the establishment of a uniform franchise. Mr. BLENNERHASSETT wastes his energies in dealing with the fringes of democracy.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE EAST.

THE West has for years been occupying itself with the civilization of the East; and, as all Mahomedan countries are alike, we may include in the East those territories on the northern shore of Africa which are Eastern in everything except geography. Sometimes the process goes on slowly, as in Egypt; or falls for a time into abeyance, as formerly in Turkey; at other times it goes on by leaps and bounds, as in Tunis. But, wherever it works, it always works by the same methods. There are three great instruments of civilization—arms, law, and money; and civilization, if it does anything, is always using one or more of these instruments. Usually money is the instrument first used. We traded with India before we conquered it. France lent Tunis a little money before she invented the Kroumirs and encircled the palace of the Bey with her troops. The last Khedive got seventy millions sterling out of the West before he was deposed in the interests of civilization. After some money has been laid out to prepare the way for arms, or for that display of irresistible force which makes the actual use of arms unnecessary, more money is poured in to help and establish civilization. There is no end to the beautiful things which French money is going to do in Tunis now that the Bey has been brought to his senses; and since the Joint-Protectorate has been put into a regular and permanent form in Egypt, Western money has been flowing into the Valley of the Nile to an almost embarrassing amount. The Egyptian banks complain that they can hardly do business in any satisfactory way, as so keen is the competition to lend that the difficulty in Egypt is now not to find lenders, but borrowers. Money is even forced on the Egyptians which the Egyptians do not wish to take. The indefatigable, the universal M. DE LESSEPS insists on making a fresh-water canal to Port Said which the Egyptian Government considers to be unnecessary. This is to M. DE LESSEPS the most foolish of objections. Is a man who is piercing the Isthmus of Panama, and is just going to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, to be stopped from making a paltry little fresh-water canal in a country which he considers almost his own? Port Said, a place which he no doubt created, gets its water by the simple agency of a pump and some pipes. This is altogether out of character for a town created by M. DE LESSEPS. A fresh-water canal, all to itself, is the least such a town ought to have, and M. DE LESSEPS is determined that it shall have it. The Egyptian Government refuses its consent, but M. DE LESSEPS knows how to make a proper reply to a Mahomedan Government almost as well as M. ST.-HILAIRE himself. The Egyptian Government says there shall not be a fresh-

water canal to Port Said, and on this M. DE LESSEPS immediately forms a Company to make one. He, metaphorically speaking, first surrounds his Kroumirs, and then he will go to the Palace at Cairo, and give the KHEDIVE two hours to sign a concession. Civilization will make a new little jump forward, and the ridiculous pump and pipes of Port Said will be things of the past. Much the same thing is taking place at Constantinople. A period of pressure, which has just stopped short of being an armed pressure, has come to a temporary end; the SULTAN breathes for the moment freely, but he knows that if he can escape the arms of the West, he cannot escape its money. Civilization is always at his door in one shape or another. For months, or rather for years, he has been plagued by monied Christians who have been competing for concessions. A deaf ear was turned to all applicants while the struggle to avert forcible pressure was going on. But now civilization comes in another shape, and will have its way. The SULTAN has ordered his Ministers to report on all applications for concessions within the short delay of a fortnight. The order is on the face of it absurd. It is not meant to be carried out, and it could not be carried out. But it has a value and a meaning when it is taken as a sign that the money of the West must flow in to the East, when the time for the operation of this instrument of civilization has come at last.

Besides money and arms, there is law as an instrument of civilization, and perhaps it may be said that, much as the East dreads the money and hates the arms of the West, it dreads and hates its law more. But the West cannot take its arms and its money when it sets out civilizing without taking its law too. We are continually pouring our law as well as our money into conquered India. At first, like M. DE LESSEPS at Port Said, we were content with a pump and some pipes. But long ago we grew more ambitious, and a whole fresh-water canal of English law is continually pouring itself into India. Some persons who know India well think we have been too liberal with our volume of Western jurisprudence, and that, to use the language of M. DE LESSEPS, we have been "irrigating the deserts" of the Indian legal mind too copiously. But some amount of Western law must go in attendance on Western arms and Western money. Centuries ago Turkey was obliged to secure, by the capitulations, the distribution of a special justice to Europeans, and at this moment the civilization of Egypt is even more the civilization of Western law than that of Western arms or money. France and England supply the force which is too irresistible to be used, and the money which the Egyptians have to take whether they want it or not. But all Europe supplies the law, and even the remote United States have a finger in the curious pie of Egyptian jurisprudence. There are many strange things in Egypt. There is the celebrated wooden man, there are the Pyramids, there are the persons who lie down to be ridden over by a saint. But the strangest of all things in Egypt is the presence of a Russian and an American as judges of the Court of Appeal. They are like flies in amber—pretty, no doubt, as specimens, but the mystery is how they ever got there. Russia and America have nothing whatever to do with Egypt. They are not civilizing the land of the PHARAOS by arms or money. But their judges come to Egypt as naturally as if they were attending a Social Science meeting at Birmingham. How it happens that they should be there is a matter of history into which it would be tedious to enter. But that the whole civilized world, including even Spain and Portugal, should unite in importing law into Egypt, is in every way a remarkable and significant thing. It profoundly colours the civilization which England and France impose on Egypt. It gives Germany a standing ground for interference, of which Prince BISMARCK is quite ready to take advantage when he sees fit. It works adversely to the influence of England; for the little nations, instigated, perhaps, by some of the bigger ones, are delighted to use their power of checking the intrusion of English law and limiting the authority of English judges. And it points in no uncertain manner to what must some day happen in Turkey. The West will never cease employing either arms or money to civilize the Turks. Law must some day follow; but all Europe will be interested in having a share in the introduction of law, and, so great will be the conflict of interests, that in all probability those who claim to take their share in working this instrument

of civilization will have to be pacified by the recognition of their claim.

How Western law comes by a sort of fatality in attendance on Western arms and money is well illustrated by the history of the Entida case, which not long ago occupied so much of the attention of the English and French Governments. It may be recollected that KHEREDINE BEY sold a landed estate in Tunis to a French Company; that Mr. LEVY, an English subject, claimed to be allowed to substitute himself as the purchaser in virtue of a right of pre-emption given by the Mahommedan law to an adjoining owner; that KHEREDINE tried to elude the claim by reserving a strip of land so that the right of pre-emption should not accrue; and that, while the French Company got possession of the only house on the estate, Mr. LEVY got possession of the land. Mr. LEVY wanted the question to be decided by the local Courts; but the French Government, who took up the case of the purchasing Company, said that the local Courts were not to be trusted, and that such advantages as Mr. LEVY had gained were given him corruptly by powerful Tunisians, who set the natives on the estate against his French rivals, and who had a complete command of the Courts. The English Government did not care to contest this point. They could not bring themselves to say, after all that has taken place in Egypt and Turkey, that Mahommedan Courts can be trusted to do justice. But Lord GRANVILLE fortunately discovered that, under the provisions of a particular treaty, the Consular Courts of France and England in Tunis were competent to decide a question as to land in Tunis arising between an Englishman and a Frenchman. He, therefore, washed his hands of a troublesome question, and pronounced that, if the French Company liked, it might sue Mr. LEVY in the Consular Court of Tunis, whence there would be an appeal to the Consular Court of Constantinople, and thence to the Privy Council in England. For the moment this may do as an answer to Mr. LEVY; but it leaves the main difficulty unsettled. It is the defendant who is to be sued in his Consular Court, and the whole struggle in cases of this kind is to be the defendant, not the plaintiff. If Mr. LEVY is to be the plaintiff, then he must sue the French Company in the French Consular Courts, with an appeal to some tribunal in France. He would be as reluctant to do this as the French Company would be to take the case through the lower English tribunals to the English Privy Council. The coveted position of defendant goes with possession. It is the man who is in possession that is sued in Courts he likes. But possession can only be gained by force or with the concurrence of the native Government. The native Government, therefore, if corrupt or badly influenced, although it is not allowed to decide a case between foreigners, is allowed to do injustice by deciding which foreigner shall have the advantageous position of defendant. Sooner or later it is seen that this is too much to concede to a Government which the Western world regards with contempt or suspicion. There must, it is said, be a tribunal at the spot in which Western law shall prevail, and in which plaintiff and defendant have an equal chance. A little force has to be used to make the Eastern Government acknowledge that the superior kind of justice which feverish meddling Western people like is out of its line, and then Western law has free play, and works in concert with arms and money to civilize one more section of the Eastern world.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

THE House of Commons was enlivened on Tuesday last by a pleasant and instructive little episode. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY complained of a breach of privilege committed by Mr. EGAN, Treasurer of the Land League, in a foul-mouthed attack on the conduct and motives of those Irish members who had, in defiance of Mr. PARNELL's commands, voted for the second reading of the Land Bill. The offender, writing from Paris, accused the seceders of every kind of baseness, including the solicitation of patronage from the Government. They were traitors, they were apostates, and they were sycophants of the Whigs, who are now, as always, "base, brutal, and bloody." The quotation of a phrase of O'CONNELL's might have reminded the House that the indignant EGAN

was only using the language in which Irish patriots have long been used to describe both their enemies and those friends who may differ from them on any political question. As Mr. MITCHELL HENRY observed, the libeller seemed to have supposed that the time, foretold by GRATTAN, had arrived at which the Irish people would return to Parliament the most worthless scoundrels in the country. Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN, with characteristic felicity, rose to order on the assumption that Mr. HENRY adopted the scurrilous phrases which he was denouncing. GRATTAN could not, when he made the speech, have been called to order for a hypothetical anticipation of the distant future. It would be irregular to say and uncharitable to think with Mr. EGAN that the prophecy is at last accomplished; but the incriminated members use equally strong language against their assailant, for whose violence they, not without reason, hold Mr. PARNELL responsible. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. McCOAN, two of the libelled members, have indulged themselves in a reply to the severe critic, whom Mr. McCOAN, with contemptuous familiarity, designates by the name of "PAT EGAN." He would, he says, have treated the attack "with the contempt with which cowardly and scurrilous insolence is best answered"; but, "as he has reason to believe that it has more authoritative significance than the name of PAT EGAN could give it," he is forced to reply. He proceeds to insinuate that "PAT EGAN" cannot safely be trusted "with the money bags" of the Land League; but, as angry disputants say when they have exhausted their store of abuse, "he is safe from such personal retort from me." Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, with equal vigour, says that "the real blackleg is the cad who bolts with the stakes; and the real coward who, skulking in London or Paris, tries to hide his own poltroonery by impugning the courage of others." "Those white-livered filibusters of the tongue who, like domestic bullies, browbeat their own race, have not a spark of fight in them." Mr. O'CONNOR POWER is careful to explain that his reply is addressed not only to insolent libellers, but to masked abettors, or, in other words, to Mr. PARNELL. In a rejoinder which for the present closes the correspondence Mr. EGAN not only repels the charge of dishonesty, but hints that his only misapplication of the Land League funds has been made for the personal benefit of his present enemies. In an encounter between two loud-voiced fishwomen, there is always a probability that the charges on both sides may be false.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it is evident that the combatants on both sides profess to believe that the prophecy of GRATTAN has been partially fulfilled. Members who are, or lately were, active promoters of the Land League loudly accuse of actual or intended embezzlement the agitator whom they had intrusted with large sums taken out of the unpaid rents of defaulting tenants. When they placed themselves under the command of a violent demagogue, they perhaps hoped, in spite of all experience, that they would be allowed to retain a certain independence; but, when a Land Bill is introduced containing concessions to the malcontent tenantry which their wildest hopes could not have embraced, they are politically excommunicated by their leader because they think it prudent to accept the extravagant boon. Having listened with complacency to the shameless invectives which the managers of the Land League have directed against the landlords, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. McCOAN are surprised when the revolutionist leader employs a suitable instrument to hold them up to the hatred of the Irish populace. The first promoters of the French Revolution experienced a similar shock when they were exiled or guillotined by the earlier race of Republicans under the influence of PÉTHION, of BRISSOT, and of VERGNAUD. In another year or two the Girondists were hiding or flying from the murderous animosity of DESMOULINS and DANTON, who were in turn put to death by the arch-assassin ROBESPIERRE. The Government of England is still strong enough to prevent judicial murder in Ireland, but it cannot soothe the passions which find expression in the interesting EGAN correspondence. The advocates of Home Rule, and of the total or partial confiscation of landed property, already hate one another more profoundly than they dislike the English nation, and the gentry and peaceable inhabitants of Ireland.

With questionable tact Mr. GLADSTONE thought it worth while to take part in the discussion by bearing testimony to the admirable qualities of the incriminated

members. He forgot the share which they had taken in Parliamentary obstruction during the early part of the Session, and their participation in the movement which has brought Ireland to the verge of civil war. He seemed especially anxious to connect Mr. PARNELL with the EGAN effusion, for the apparent purpose of rendering the schism finally irreparable. Mr. PARNELL will not fail to remind the rabble which still follows his guidance that his opponents in Ireland are the friends and favourites of the PRIME MINISTER of England. Sir W. HARCOURT spoke boldly and truly, but also with doubtful discretion. Mr. PARNELL will not be inclined to deprecate the use of strong language by statesmen who ought to offer a contrast to the vituperation of demagogues. It is scarcely possible that the Ministers can be blind to the service which the irreconcilable faction does to their cause. Thousands of hasty reasoners will be disposed to think that a Land Bill cannot be wholly bad when it is honoured by the censure of Mr. PARNELL. It would be a loss to the promoters of the Bill if they could persuade or frighten the leader of the Land League into even a provisional approval of their scheme. The suspicion which is generally felt by moderate politicians has not been abated by the suspicious support which demagogues of the type of Archbishop CROKE have given to the Bill. Professed enemies of Irish landlords and of the English connexion are certainly not actuated by justice or generosity when they recommend members who may be under their influence to vote for the Bill. If the extreme faction had swelled the majority on the second reading, Mr. EGAN might have been silenced; but more respectable Liberals would have been still further alienated.

Mr. PARNELL is playing a bold game; and it remains to be seen whether he defeats his adversaries. He has effectually broken up the Parliamentary party, of which he was the chosen leader, by insisting on his claim to be dictator. First Mr. SHAW, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, and the more creditable members of the Home Rule party disclaimed their allegiance; and since the division on the second reading Mr. PARNELL has scarcely twenty followers in the House of Commons. Mr. HEALY, Mr. BIGGAR, and their like cannot be said to compensate by moral weight for scanty numbers; but it is possible that Mr. PARNELL may still retain his hold on the constituencies. Popular leaders are for the most part found out by their associates and social equals long before they lose the power of misleading the populace. Much greater men than Mr. PARNELL have incomparably more influence with the multitude than in Parliament or perhaps in the Cabinet. The favour of the many as compared with the confidence of the few distinguishes the demagogue from the statesman. Mr. PARNELL, who is a demagogue pure and simple, may perhaps not be less successful as an agitator because he is disliked and feared by his political allies. The EGANS, the DILLONS, and the DAVITTS, the Fenians, and other conspirators, the promoters of rebellion and civil war, will adhere to Mr. PARNELL the more closely because he has broken with the comparatively moderate section of the party. The tenant-farmers have been so thoroughly demoralized by the late agitation that they will almost certainly prefer the leader who proposes to them the boldest scheme of spoliation. It is also believed that the American Irish who furnish the Land League with the greater part of its revenue have approved Mr. PARNELL's policy, if they have not been its real authors. The true Amphitryon is he who commands material resources. Notwithstanding the hints and suspicions with which Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. McCOAN retaliate on their accuser, it is extremely improbable that a large fund should have been placed at the disposal of a dishonest treasurer. In the improbable contingency of the restoration of tranquillity to Ireland in consequence of the operation of the Land Bill, Mr. PARNELL will have no difficulty in persuading his admirers that its strongest provisions were the result of his own more comprehensive demands. In a contest among demagogues the worst almost always wins.

ITALY AND FRANCE.

THE annexation—for such it practically is—of Tunis by France has called the attention of the English public once more to Italian affairs, in which the interest taken by this country has of late years been languid. For

the last five years, ever since the accession of the Left to office in 1876, Italian politics have been more and more of a puzzle to English readers. The Left, in the first place, which then came into power, contained few or none of the names familiar to English readers, the names of the lieutenants and successors of CAVOUR; and the programme of the Left differed, if it differed at all, from that of the Right, which it supplanted, in matters so unessential, so local, and so personal that few readers had either the patience or the opportunity to distinguish between the two parties. On two occasions, however, within this period, the flagging interest of Englishmen in Italian affairs has been revived—first, when the movement in favour of *Italia Irredenta* was in progress; and, secondly, when the recent seizure of Tunis, and the feeling which it awakened in Italy, showed that a new rivalry with France might efface the old enmity with Austria. We pointed out, at the time when the *Italia Irredenta* cry was at its height, that the agitation was manufactured, and that it corresponded neither to the real wishes nor to the real interests of the Italian people; and the longer the Left, which once consisted of Irredentists, ex-Irredentists, and semi-Irredentists, has been in office, the more the suspicions awakened in Austria by its accession to power have been removed. Neither in the Austrian nor in the Italian press is there any more talk on the subject. It is now recognized in both countries that perorations on the subject of Trieste and the Trentino are all very well for Radicals out of office, but do not represent the feeling of responsible politicians of any party whatever. But while the old hostility of Italians to Austria has been cooling, it is important to notice that a new, and probably an increasing, sense of hostility to France has arisen in its place. The enthusiasm felt for France in 1859 did not last long. It was gradually effaced by the opposition offered by NAPOLEON to the completion of Italian unity in 1860, by the cession to France of Savoy and Nice, and by the campaign of Mentana. Italian public opinion was not misled by the plea, put forward after the fall of NAPOLEON, that the benefits conferred by France on Italy were the work of the French people, and the injuries the work of the Bonapartist dynasty. It has not been forgotten that the overthrow of the Roman Republic in 1849 was the work of the sister Republic in France, and that the same sister Republic would have been only too glad of a pretext to seize Savoy. Nor has it been forgotten that, whatever France did for Italy, France was well paid at the time. Gratitude and grudges alike count for little in the sentiment with which nations regard one another; what counts is the fact that the interests and aims of two countries agree in the main or differ.

The Austrian rule in Italy prevented Italians, twenty years ago, from doing what the people had set its heart on, and what all modern nations tend to do—from belonging to itself and leading a life of its own. Any alliance which would enable Italy to rid itself of the hated foreigner was accordingly welcome, and the only alliance at hand was that of the French. History will show that throughout this alliance NAPOLEON III., whatever else may be laid to his charge, was more disinterested and magnanimous than the French people; and that, had it not been for the pressure of public opinion in France, he might have left Savoy and Nice to Italy and the Temporal Power to the natural fate which afterwards befell it. However this may be, Italy does not feel itself bound by any memories of past kindness; and, in proportion as the country feels the need of expansion and becomes conscious of its growing strength, it resents the occupation by any other Power of any points of vantage in the new field which it covets for itself. The cession of Cyprus to England awakened, for this reason, a genuine though not permanent feeling of resentment in Italy. And yet Cyprus was only taken as a place of arms. The French occupation of Tunis stands, however, on quite another ground. In the first place, Tunis is much closer to Italy; in the second, Italian trade and Italian political influence have long been competing in Tunis with French trade and French political influence—so much so that Italians have come to look on Tunis as a battle-ground which they cannot abandon without discredit; and in the third place the predominance of France in Tunis is to Italians only a stepping-stone to the predominance of France all over the Mediterranean. The writer of a very able Italian pamphlet

which we reviewed last year foresaw and predicted what has happened this summer; and he argued that, as the supremacy of France in the Mediterranean was a danger to England no less than to Italy, it should be the policy of England to sacrifice the French alliance and to accept that of Italy in its place. We gave in reply the reasons why, on whatever side our sympathies might be, such a change of alliances, with the further changes it would carry with it, was not practically possible. Nevertheless, when the first European complication arises, it will be safe to count on the estrangement between France and Italy as a permanent factor in the problem. The loss of a battle or the loss of a province may be forgotten. There are very few Italians, especially of the younger generation, in whose minds the surrender of Savoy and Nice rankles at all seriously. But no nation with any vitality in it will willingly see itself year by year outstripped and overlapped by another—see the channels it has marked out for its trade and enterprise occupied, and the objects of its ambition and spirit of adventure seized by a neighbour and a rival. The trickery with which the occupation of Tunis was accompanied has aggravated, without doubt, the sense of defeat under which Italy is smarting; but the rivalry between the two countries in Northern Africa is as natural, as inevitable, and as much to be counted on as is the rivalry between England and Russia in Asia.

On this point public opinion in Italy is unanimous. There is no party there which says that French predominance is a bugbear, and that those who wish Italy to be on her guard against it are alarmists. Men of all parties recognize, though they may deplore, the fact that the interests and the aims of the two countries are in opposition. All are agreed that the occupation of North Africa by France hinders the development of Italy on a line in which, but for France, it would naturally tend to move. Commercially, diplomatically, from a military point of view, and from the point of view of national pride and ambition, Italy has sustained a defeat. From the moderate *Opinione* to the democratic *Lega*, there is but one opinion on the matter in the Italian press. The Ministry was so conscious of the defeat inflicted on it that it immediately resigned; and, though the new Cabinet is substantially the same as that which preceded it, and represents the same party, or rather group of parties, in the Chamber, Signor CAIROLI, the ex-Premier and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, has no place in it. He was more directly responsible for what had happened than any one of his colleagues, and it was natural that in any changes which took place owing to his policy, he, at least, should retire. The recent crisis in Italy has given fresh evidence of the weakness and confusion of political parties in that country. It will be remembered that only a few weeks earlier the Ministry had undergone a defeat in the Chamber through a coalition of the so-called Dissident Left, headed by Signor CRISPI, with the Right, led by Signor SELLA. These temporary alliances of discontented groups of the Left with the permanently hostile Right have been the means by which all the countless changes of Ministers and Ministries have been brought about during the last five years. During all this time the Left has been in office, and has had a large majority in the Chamber; but at no single moment has there been a Government on whose stability any reliance could be placed either at home or abroad. After this defeat the Cabinet of Signor CAIROLI and Signor DEPRETIS resigned; but as no other party or group in the Chamber was strong enough to form a Ministry, the KING refused to accept the resignation; and the Chamber, finding no new Ministry forthcoming, reversed its former vote, and gave the old one a fresh lease of life. This would naturally have lasted till some new quarrel or intrigue had brought about another such alliance between the ever-watchful Right and any insubordinate section of the Left. The Tunisian affair, however, made this unnecessary, and the Cabinet resigned of its own accord. Signor SELLA was accordingly charged with the formation of a Cabinet. In questions of foreign affairs the Right have admittedly an experience and authority which cannot be claimed for the Left. It was the Right which had been led and taught by CAVOUR, and which was in office from his death till 1876. The Left had come empty-handed away from Berlin, had been forced to eat its own words on the question of *Italia Irredenta*, and had now been duped and surprised by France. Notwithstanding this, Signor SELLA was unable to form a Ministry which the Chamber was likely to accept. Apparently he was also of opinion that an appeal

to the country would not better his position; and, after some days of fruitless endeavour, he abandoned the task, and the bulk of the old Ministry returned to office. The place of Signor CAIROLI as Foreign Minister is taken by Signor MANCINI, who has yet to show his qualifications for the post. Of Signor CAIROLI's capacity in this respect it is unnecessary to speak. Not only do facts speak for themselves, but the surprise will be remembered which was generally expressed when a man, whose temperament, education, and past history combined to disqualify him for so difficult and delicate a post, was rash enough to undertake it. No man of his party is personally more respected than Signor CAIROLI; his honesty is proverbial in Italy; but honest people sometimes confide too much in the honesty of others, and a too trustful nature is not fitted for diplomacy. It is to be regretted, however, that the failure of Signor SELLA to form a Cabinet of the Right leaves the country exposed to a continued repetition of the Parliamentary intrigues which have been fatal to so many Ministries, and fatal also to nearly all useful legislation in Italy. Both for internal legislation and for the wise conduct of foreign affairs, Italy needs above all things a strong and stable Government, supported by a compact Parliamentary majority; but the chance of this seems now further off than ever.

FISHING GRIEVANCES.

THE House of Commons and a Home Office Commissioner have of late been severally busy in inquiring into certain wrongs alleged to be suffered by fishermen off the East coast of England. It ought not, one would think, to be a very difficult matter to devise some sufficiently conspicuous and distinctive light to be carried by trawlers; but up to this time the Board of Trade has been unable to compass this seemingly trifling undertaking. For something like five years a joint Committee appointed by the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, and the Trinity Board sat to draw up regulations to prevent collisions at sea. All the maritime Powers were negotiated with, and at length, in August 1879, an Order in Council was passed directing trawlers to carry, in addition to side lights, a red light over a green on one of their masts. When this order was put out it was found to be exceedingly distasteful to those who had to obey it. Conferences and Commissions followed, and finally a Select Committee reported last year that trawlers should be excused from carrying either side lights or coloured lights, and should only be made to carry a single white light. This Report seems to have given full satisfaction to the trawling interest, but it has since been upset by a fresh Departmental Committee, which has ordered trawlers to carry a red light on the mast-head and a white light on the after-part of the vessel. This rehabilitation of coloured lights has nearly broken the hearts of the North Sea fishermen. Why they should be so convinced of the impossibility of obeying the direction to carry two lights instead of one, and to have one of them red instead of white, is not very obvious to laymen. But there is no question that they are thus convinced; and on Tuesday Mr. BIRKBECK and Mr. NORWOOD stood up to lay their complaint before Parliament. Thereupon a discussion followed, which had at least the advantage of presenting the President of the BOARD OF TRADE in a new aspect. No one could show himself more familiar with this vexed question of trawlers' lights than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. First of all, he ventured to throw some doubt upon the perfect impartiality of the Select Committee. Out of its eleven members, seven represented places in which the trawling interest is powerful; so that its Report was naturally determined by its view of what the trawling interest needed. This statement seems to ignore the fact that the Report of the Committee was unanimous; so that the members who do not represent fishing ports must have suffered themselves to be overpersuaded by those who do. The Board of Trade has, in fact, two Reports to decide between—the Report of a Select Committee and the Report of a Departmental Committee—and it has not made up its mind which to choose. It has been represented to the Board that in the question of trawlers' lights there are others than trawlers interested. The trawlers are in favour of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contemptuously calls "the present illegal practice" of carrying a single white light at the masthead. But represent-

tations have been made both by foreign Governments and by another class of fishermen, who use the drift net, that trawlers ought to be made to carry some more distinctive light. There are boats, it seems, which are more afraid of running down trawlers than trawlers are of being run down by them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is so far from being content with the single white light beloved of trawlers that he appears to hanker after unattainable colours. "It is difficult," he says, "with the limited number of combinations and permutations of red, white, and green lights to find a light that will answer the purpose." The Government are anxious that every vessel shall carry lights which shall announce three main facts—the kind of vessel, the direction of its head, and its being under command or otherwise. A trawler is a sailing vessel, and when at work it has steerage way, but it is not under command, and consequently it ought to carry a special light which may distinguish it from sailing vessels at anchor, and from sailing vessels which, though under way, are also under command. If trawlers are given their heart's desire, and allowed to carry a single white light, what is to mark them off from vessels at anchor or from pilot vessels? Altogether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought that the best thing to do would be to strengthen the Departmental Committee, and set them to work again, leaving trawlers free to carry their present light until some further conclusion should be come to. After a good deal of grumbling, this proposal was accepted, and the motion was withdrawn. The only thing to be regretted in the discussion is that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S modesty should have prevented him from giving the House an account of a little cruise in the North Sea which he took on Wednesday week in company with Mr. BIRKBECK and Sir W. FOLKES. Both his companions were evidently eager to tell what had happened, but felt their mouths sealed so long as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S remained unopened. Can it be that the President of the BOARD OF TRADE was not quite well while he was afloat?

The trawling interest is not the only one that finds its peace disturbed. There are worse things than accidental collisions, and the drift net fishermen complain that they are exposed to direct attacks of a very injurious kind at the hands of trawlers. The drift net is so arranged as to float at a depth of only a few feet below the water, and when "shot" may extend to a distance of a mile and a half from the boat. The trawl net, with the beam to which it is attached, is allowed to sink to the bottom of the sea; consequently, if a trawler, with his beam and net down, sails across the course of a drift net fishing boat, it may inflict very great damage on the nets. There are two motives which lead a trawler to do this—desire to avoid the trouble of hauling up his trawl, and the value of the portion of the nets which he may carry away with him. In order, therefore, to get through the work more thoroughly, an ingenious instrument has been invented, called "the Devil," which hangs over the trawler's bows. It has a stem a yard long, and four blades like scythes. When these blades come across a drift net they cut it all to pieces, and the fragments which are carried away by the trawl are often sold for considerable sums. No English trawler resorts to this practice, partly, it may be hoped, from good feeling, and partly, perhaps, from the almost certain detection which would follow. But, as regards French, Dutch, and Belgian trawlers, the law is in a very unsatisfactory condition. A Convention was in force between France and England from 1839 to 1868, but it did not extend to the North Sea. In 1868 the Sea Fisheries Act was passed, to which a convention was attached which included all fisheries surrounding the British islands outside the three mile zone; but this convention has never been ratified. If this omission were set right, and similar conventions concluded between Great Britain and Belgium and Great Britain and Holland, Mr. HIGGIN, the Commissioner employed by the Home Office, thinks that these outrages would be easily stopped, though the law would need to be enforced by the presence upon the fishing-grounds of cruisers belonging to each of the four Powers concerned. It does not appear that the Governments of France, Holland, and Belgium are at all indisposed to bring their subjects to book for their misdeeds, and on the few occasions when some peculiarity in the case has brought the offender within the grasp of foreign law, substantial justice has been done. But these occasions are so few that the prospect excites absolutely no terror, and the foreign trawlers continue to be the pirates of the drift net fishery. The loss

inflicted by them is directly felt by all engaged in the trade. The master and crew of these drift net fishing vessels are not paid wages by the owners. They receive a fixed share of the profits after the expenses of the voyage have been deducted. Consequently, when the destruction of nets makes an addition varying from 10*l.* to 300*l.* to the cost which has to be defrayed before the profits are divided, it falls upon the cabin-boy proportionately with the owner. To all appearance the English Government can, if they choose, get these conventions concluded. Considering that an important industry is greatly crippled by the want of them, it is to be hoped that the twenty and odd years during which these outrages have been left to go on unchecked will now be followed by a period of greater diplomatic activity. It is a pity to allow a large number of humble men to be injured, and a certain amount of international ill-will to be created, for the want of a little importunity.

HUNGARY.

THE Emperor of AUSTRIA, as King of Hungary, has been visiting Pesth to bid farewell to the Diet, which has now come to the end of its allotted term. The House of Representatives was elected three years ago, when things were in a very different state from that in which they are now. Then everything seemed unsettled, Hungary was called on to make considerable sacrifices, the black cloud hanging over the East had hardly begun to rise, and the Hungarians thought themselves exposed to dangers greater than those which beset the other portions of the Austrian Monarchy. Gradually the prospect cleared, the Legislature settled down to steady work, and the Ministry of Herr TISZA, although constantly assailed, held its own, principally through the personal influence of the EMPEROR himself. In giving the customary summary of the labours and successes of the Diet, the EMPEROR was able to place on record a very satisfactory list of financial and legislative achievements. The recent conversion of the public debt was effected so easily and so triumphantly as to give the world an incontestable proof that the credit of Hungary has greatly risen in the markets of Europe. The speech of the EMPEROR gives the reasons for this rise of the national credit. Hungary has been attending to its own business, carrying out material improvements, remedying imperfections in its laws, and making satisfactory provisions both for the new charges which have fallen on Hungary as on the whole monarchy, and also for the repayment of the floating debt. As the EMPEROR said, a whole series of laws—judicial, administrative, and economic—have been enacted. The new Criminal Code has been brought into operation, and a bankruptcy law has been passed. The august mother of Parliaments may envy a legislative body in which a Criminal Code is more than a matter of momentary talk, and a Bankruptcy Bill is actually passed because it is grievously wanted. A uniform law regulating the services of the police throughout the whole country has brought method into the defence of persons and property; and the thorny questions which attend naturalization in a country having such complicated relations with the outside world as Hungary have been satisfactorily settled. The building of railways has been carried on with as much energy as could have been expected at a time of political and financial difficulty. Several gaps in the network of Hungarian laws have been filled up; and, as the EMPEROR is reported to have said, the great connexion eastward has been secured. This may refer either to the Roumanian or to the Servian lines, and may perhaps refer to both. Anyhow, Pesth may now be looked on as the central point of the movement which is to one day connect Western Europe with the Egean and the Black Sea. These are great things to have been achieved in the short space of three years for which the House of Representatives is elected; and they have been achieved by the hearty co-operation of the Hungarians and their KING. Even the record of their own achievements did not awaken so much pleasure in the minds of the KING'S hearers as his reference to the recent marriage of the heir of the Crown, and his confident appeal to a loyalty which has been strengthened by the creation of a new tie between his dynasty and those who were in old days rebels against him and his house.

When the representative portion of the Diet was elected three years ago, the great event of the day was the occupation of Bosnia. Hungary bitterly resented the Treaty

of San Stefano, and was not entirely pleased with the Treaty of Berlin. The provisions of the treaty which broke up the great Slavonic principality designed by Russia were acceptable enough to a people whose one personal thought is a dread and horror of the Slavs, and of Russia as the patroness of Pan Slavism. But Hungarians thought it highly unsatisfactory that Austria should embrace a new Slav population in her fold. There were already far too many Slavs under the Austrian Crown to please the Hungarians, and in the carrying out of the occupation there were two things which struck the Hungarians as peculiarly disagreeable. The occupation was resisted, and it was resisted by the Mussulman population. This is the element in contiguous nationalities with which Hungarians have the warmest sympathy, as Hungarians and Mussulmans are bound together by a common hatred of Russia. It was, therefore, the special friends of Hungary who had to be put down by force in Bosnia, and by an unlucky accident it was on Hungarian regiments that the chief brunt of the conflict fell. A popular cry arose in Hungary that the Hungarian regiments had been selected for the post of danger in order to punish Hungary for its dislike of the occupation. In spite, however, of all adverse influences, the Ministry had a decisive majority. The PRIME MINISTER lost his seat at Debreczyn, but was elected elsewhere, and had a Ministerial majority of not far from two to one. But when the resistance of the Bosnians was overcome, the discontent of Hungary was so great at finding that Bosnia was not to be considered as coming in its sphere, that first the FINANCE MINISTER and then the PRIME MINISTER resigned. Here, however, the personal influence of the EMPEROR was successfully used. He would not accept the resignation of the TISZA Ministry, and arranged that it should continue in office until things had been smoothed down by judicious treatment. It met the new Parliament in October, and a proposal to impeach it was at once made, and was defeated. The contest was renewed in the debate on the Address, in which Herr TISZA explained the policy of which he was willing to accept the responsibility. Its main feature was the determination to make the minor Oriental States and the races dwelling therein understand that, if at any time the confusion in the East could not be controlled, the Power that would have the greatest influence on their fate would be Austria-Hungary. The Ministry once more obtained a majority, although a much narrower one than that on which they could ordinarily reckon. But the battle was practically won. The Treaty of Berlin was formally accepted by the Hungarian Parliament a few months afterwards, the Ministry this time being supported by a substantial majority; and immediately afterwards the silver wedding-day of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS was celebrated at Pesth with every sign of fervent loyalty. The dislike of the occupation of Bosnia and of the new departure of Austria in the East had been surmounted in deference to the wishes of the EMPEROR. On the other hand, the increasing reserve of Austria and its almost ostentatious shrinking from anything like a policy of adventure in the East had been greatly strengthened, if not caused, by the attitude of Hungary.

The political situation being thus cleared, the Hungarian Parliament gave itself up to practical legislation, in which it has done the very creditable amount of work described by the EMPEROR. But, much as the EMPEROR is liked in Hungary, and willing as Hungary may be to do much to please him, there are continually being revealed radical differences of opinion which make the relations of Pesth and Vienna anything but harmonious. Pesth is for Free-trade, Vienna for Protection. Pesth detests the Slavs, whom Vienna courts and attempts to gratify. When protectionist Austria wishes to make a commercial treaty with protectionist Germany, it is greatly hampered by the exigencies of Hungary, which has no manufactures to foster artificially, and has an abundance of raw produce which it wishes to send to the best market. On the other hand, the political alliance of Germany and Austria is approved in Hungary, as the Hungarians see in the German Empire the most trustworthy bulwark against Pan Slavism. What they dislike is that Austria should at once ally itself with Germany against Russia as the head of the Slavs, and yet endeavour to conciliate the Slavs of the Austrian Empire by concessions which alter in their favour the constitution of the Austrian half of the Empire. The TAAFFE Ministry has

set itself to make two concessions to the Czechs, which in themselves are not by any means unreasonable, but which are regarded with great jealousy, not only by the Hungarians, but by the Austrian Germans. The first concession is the creation of a separate Bohemian University at Prague, and the second is the remodelling of the electoral law of Bohemia, under which, as things now stand, the German population enjoys a much larger share in the representation than its numbers warrant. Theoretically the Hungarians have nothing to do with changes affecting the half of the Empire to which they do not belong. But practically they know that the determination of the foreign policy of the whole Empire rests with Vienna, and they fear that, if the Slavs have too much influence at headquarters, the whole Empire may be swept away by a current to which the Hungarians could offer no effectual opposition. Some Hungarians go so far as to declare that, rather than endure this, they would break away from Austria altogether, although even the most excited always declare that they will somehow keep the Emperor as their king. This is for the moment only idle talk. But it points to a real danger to Austria—a danger which nothing but time and patience and tact will enable Austria to surmount. This danger springs from the widely spread conviction among the Hungarians that Hungary and Austria are equals who have chosen to make the experiment of a special kind of union, and that either party is at liberty to withdraw from the arrangement if it does not like its practical operation. The tie which unites Hungary and Austria would be much weakened if it were supposed to be not a community of interests or sympathies so much as a community of loyalty to the same person.

DECOYING.

IN the present state of public business even the appointment of a Select Committee is a step which may well have its terrors, and it is creditable to the Government that they should themselves have proposed an inquiry into the decoying of English girls into Belgium for immoral purposes. This crime is very common, and is apparently quite untouched by any existing English law. The Belgian law forbids the registration of any woman as a public prostitute who is under twenty-one years of age. Prohibitions of this sort are commonly evaded without much difficulty, but in this particular instance there seems reason to believe that the law is broken with less ease or less impunity than might be supposed. At all events, whether because Belgian girls are not to be enlisted earlier, or from some other cause, there is a considerable demand for young girls from England. In so far as they go of their own free will and with a full knowledge of the purpose for which they are wanted, nothing can be done to check the traffic. But in the great majority of cases they have not this full knowledge, or indeed any knowledge at all. Even if the deception practised on them extended merely to the particulars of the life they will lead in Belgium, they would be fit subjects of legal protection. But their ignorance goes very much further than this. They have no idea when they leave England that they are going to be prostitutes. They go out in the expectation of being hired in some decent capacity—of becoming ladies'-maids or actresses, nursery governesses or shopwomen. It is only when they reach Brussels or Antwerp that they find out for what end they have really been got hold of. When they do come to understand this, they are usually quite helpless. They seldom speak French, so that they have great difficulty in appealing to the police, even if an opportunity offers itself. Nor are such opportunities at all abundant. A girl is kept a strict prisoner, and if she sees a policeman in the house, she probably does not know him to be one. More than this, it is permissible to suspect that the police themselves are not always anxious to know more than, in the interest of the keepers of these houses, it is expedient they should know. Worse still, the wish for deliverance very often disappears. When a girl has been either seduced or drugged—and, under the circumstances, the girl who yields to persuasions is hardly a more willing victim than the girl who yields to violence—she ordinarily feels that, even if she could escape, she would not know what to do with herself. She cannot hope to live respectably in Belgium, and the fact that she was anxious to leave England in the first instance suggests

that she was destitute of friends who might have enabled her to live respectably in England. There will be still less chance of such a living if she now goes back, and runs the risk of her life abroad being thrown in her teeth. The more respectably she has been brought up, and the more ties she has to bind her to England, the keener is likely to be her shame, and the stronger her determination not to carry her shame home. It is impossible to conceive a more miserable fate than that which befalls a girl thus circumstanced. She has presumably a more than common share of natural energy, or she would not have determined to seek her fortune in a foreign country. In the first instance her hopes seem to be justified. She hears that she has a good prospect of finding immediate employment, or very probably has immediate employment offered to her. She leaves England with what seems an excellent chance of making an honest livelihood, and a day or two later she finds herself in a Belgian brothel. Once there, everything makes against her. Her power of resistance is weakened by narcotics; and she sees no one except the servants, who are in league with the keepers of the house, or the visitors, who do not trouble themselves to distinguish between real and simulated modesty, and are not disposed, even if they suspect the truth, to provoke inquiries which may not be convenient for themselves. Unless she has an heroic determination of character, she sees nothing before her but a gradual descent to the level of the miserable creatures who are in the same position as herself. And all this has come upon her in an interval that can be expressed in hours, and without any real fault on her side. If any law can be devised that shall put an end to a trade so detestable in itself and so disastrous in its results, the plainest possible case has been made out for at once calling such a law into being.

An inquiry by a Select Committee, though necessarily a somewhat slow process, is on the whole the best that can be adopted for the purpose. Crimes which are prepared in one country and committed in another are necessarily difficult to suppress. A Select Committee has some advantages in dealing with a subject of this kind which are not possessed by a Government department. It exists for this special purpose, so that it is not liable to have its attention diverted by pressing administrative business. Its action is public, so that if any evidence is to be had in quarters where the Government would not think of looking for it, there is at least a chance that it will be voluntarily offered. It is free to consider all the methods of suppressing the crime that may be suggested, because the immediate object for which it sits is inquiry and not action. The Committee will have, by way of a point of departure, a Report from an English barrister, who was sent out by the Foreign Office last autumn to watch certain trials which were going on at Brussels. This Report, as we learn from Lord DALHOUSIE's speech in moving the appointment of the Committee, shows that for many years English girls have been decoyed to Belgium by professional procurers, who are paid a commission of 12*l.* on every girl they land. Since 1865 there have been at least twenty of these procurers at work in London, and Mr. SNAGGE was able to collect the names and test the stories of thirty-two English girls who had been decoyed to Belgium during the last ten years, all of whom were under twenty-one at the time. Considering the difficulties which beset such an inquiry, and the unwillingness of many of those to whom it relates to have any attention drawn to their history, Mr. SNAGGE is no doubt right in believing that the number of cases he has established by inquiry form but a small proportion of the total number. One existing English statute makes the procuring of a girl for prostitution, by false pretences, a misdemeanour; but it does not apply to cases where the offence, though begun here, is completed in a foreign country. There are two other statutes referring to abduction; but one deals only with the abduction of women possessed of property, and the other with the abduction of girls under sixteen. The consequence is that the special field which this trade covers—the procuring by false pretences of girls not under sixteen to be prostitutes abroad—is left altogether untouched.

Mr. SNAGGE's Report also contains suggestions as to the remedies to be applied to this state of things; but, in the absence of fuller information as to the precise methods adopted by those engaged in the traffic, it is difficult to say how far they are likely to answer the purpose. To

make it a criminal offence to entice any one to become a prostitute, whether within the Queen's dominions or not, is obviously the first thing to be done, inasmuch as the crime must be recognized as such before it can be either punished or prevented. This alone, however, is not likely to be of much value. The difficulty of proving the commission of the offence would still remain, inasmuch as, though the enticement would be practised in England, it would not—being under false pretences—be known for what it was until the arrival of the victim in Belgium. Nor does the recommendation that it should be made more difficult to obtain certificates of birth from Somerset House seem to be of much value. As these certificates must show that a girl is under twenty-one, while they are used in Belgium to prove that she is over twenty-one, forgery of some kind must already be practised in connexion with them, and it might not be much more difficult to forge an entire certificate than to alter the date in a genuine one. The real remedy must be looked for in a more harmonious co-operation between the English and Belgian police, and, if necessary, in some modification of the Belgian law. It ought not to be possible under that law to take a girl into one of these houses without her being first seen by the police; but, supposing this impossibility to be more thoroughly assured, there can be no difficulty in providing that any girl, not a Belgian subject, shall not be admitted until she has been questioned by her own Consul. If once this could be secured, the traffic must cease. It would be of no use to decoy English girls to Belgium under false pretences, when the truth would be made known to them before the object for which they had been decoyed had been answered.

CAMPDEN HILL.

WHEN the Campden charities, of which we have heard so much lately, came into existence, Kensington was a country village. Sir Walter Cope lived at one of the two manor-houses the parish contained; and besides his residence, afterwards known as Holland House, there were two or three villas, more or less important. From the churchyard in the village high street, a noble avenue of elms led straight up the hill to Campden House, the entrance gates being ornamented with two well-carved hounds, the supporters of the newly-enobled Alderman Hicks. From his estate at Campden Chipping, in Gloucestershire, he derived the designation of his viscounty, and bestowed it on the suburban hill on which he built his town house. The land, won at the gaming-table from Sir Walter Cope, was well laid out, and a house not unworthy of its neighbour was built. Although Campden House can never be compared with Holland House, either for size or for beauty of design, it had architectural features suitable to the rank and wealth of its owner; while its situation was so commanding that it formed a conspicuous object from the opposite hills of the Surrey side. The intervening valley, now grey and dim with the smoke of a hundred thousand houses, must then have looked green and smiling on the margin of the silvery Thames, and the view from Campden Hill may have rivalled that still to be seen from Richmond. Baptist Hicks, the first occupant of Campden House, died in 1629, leaving his honours to his son-in-law, Edward Noel. His will contains so many charitable bequests that Stowe devotes a special chapter to it and to "an epitaph made in his Memorial," of which a short specimen must suffice:—

Faith true,
Hope firm,
Charity free,
Baptist, Lord Campden,
Was these three.

His bequest to the parish of Kensington consisted of a sum of 200*l.*, "to be yearly employed for the good and benefit of the poor." This legacy was invested in the purchase of land at Shepherd's Bush, and now brings in 480*l.* a year, which has accumulated until the trustees have more than 10,000*l.* in Consols. Lord Campden's daughter, the widow of Edward Noel, the second Viscount, left a similar legacy, and the parish bought with it Butt's Field, which, being situate opposite Kensington Gardens, and near Kensington Gore, now brings in 360*l.* a year, while some 40,000*l.* have accumulated. The Noels continued to reside at Campden House for about a century. In the meantime Kensington had become fashionable, and before long the number of villas had been doubled. Kensington was particularly affected by Cromwell's friends. General Lambert, called Lord Lambert in the register; Sir William Strickland, one of Cromwell's peers; Sir Edward Dering; Sir Thomas Foot, another of the Protector's lords; and several others are mentioned in the parochial records, which also contain the register of the marriage of "Mr. Henry Cromwell" and Elizabeth Russell in 1653. He probably resided in the house near the South Kensington Museum which has given the name to Cromwell Road, and he may have been the donor of a benefaction to the parish. In 1651—two years, that is, before his marriage—twelve

parishioners became trustees of the charity; but no mention is made in the deed of the person by whom the money, amounting to 45*l.*, was paid. The Campden trustees took charge of it, and two acres of land in the Gravel Pits were bought. The land now forms a considerable portion of High Street, Notting Hill, and brings in more than 1,000*l.* a year. These Gravel Pits and their fine air are often mentioned in contemporary memoirs. Their nearness to London made them a popular resort, especially for people in delicate health. And when Lord Nottingham sold his house to William III. the fortunes of the district were established; for though Kensington Palace is in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, most of the courtiers resided in Kensington; and the square constructed a few years earlier, in the time of Charles II., was crowded with notable folk. A few houses still remain whose deep cornices and picturesque red brick suggests the handiwork of Wren; and the corner house, lately a Roman Catholic school, in which the Duchess of Mazarine alternately charmed and disgusted Charles II., is still pointed out, and, though much altered, it is substantially the same. A greater envoy from France than even the Duchess resided in it in years not so remote from our own. It was remarked, to the credit of Prince Talleyrand, during the time he lived in Kensington, that he paid his bills very punctually.

Campden Hill rises to a height of fully one hundred feet above the level of Kensington Square, and the mere name of the Gravel Pits suggests its former character. Before it was enclosed for villas it was probably an open heath—the gardens and orchards of the valleys shunning the exposure of the situation. Gradually it was encroached upon. First, the Craven family, deserting Drury Lane, built their new residence at what has ever since been called Craven Hill. Colby House appeared at the opposite side; Sheffield House was near the summit; and the High Street was full of fine mansions. Here lived, at the end of the seventeenth century, the Onslows, of whom the future Speaker was baptized at Kensington Church, in 1691; the Boyles, of whom the astronomer, Lord Orrery, was baptized in 1674; and the Pratts, whose most illustrious representative, the future Lord Chancellor Camden, was born here; it may be, contrary to the usual tradition, that he took his title from some association of a local kind, for the name of the Hill is often so spelled, and Mr. Hare, but probably by a characteristic inaccuracy, spells the name of the house without a *p*. Lastly, that nothing should be wanting to the dignity of the Court Suburb, as Leigh Hunt named it, the Princess Anne sent her little son to the Gravel Pits, for the benefit of the fresh air. At first he inhabited Lord Craven's house, which was liberally lent to the Princess; but in 1690 Campden House was taken. The amusing memoir of Jenkin Lewis tells us that "Mr. Bertie, guardian to Mr. Nowell, the heir thereof," took advantage of the Princess's desire to have the house, and "raised the rent so much, that it was imagined that any other person might have purchased it for less." Yet the house was too small for its august occupants, and a building now known as Little Campden House was added to it on the western side. The poor little Prince is carefully described by his servant Lewis; even his height and weight are recorded, and the remarkable size of his head. We read of his being blistered, of his being very mildly birched, of his taking the Jesuit's medicine for ague, of his new clothes and of his stiff waistcoat, of his tumbles, and of his refusal to go to prayers. The record is full of local allusions; but perhaps the most interesting part is that which relates to William III. He appears in a new and amiable light, caressing the little nephew. He named him the Duke of Gloucester, a title he did not live to receive formally, and when he was six years old bestowed the Garter upon him. The child was devoted to military pursuits. Every one has heard of his boy regiment. His attendant, Lewis, and Mr. Prat, his tutor, vied with each other in making fortifications of pasteboard in the grounds of Campden House; and when the King came to visit him he fired a salute from real guns, with real powder. His boy regiment was partly recruited from London. Kensington was not yet populous enough, perhaps, to furnish more than a couple of score or so; and we read complaints of their insolence when dismissed from parade. They always assembled on holidays at Campden House, and were put through their exercises by the little Duke, who enforced strict discipline and administered the military punishments in vogue at that date. But when they were coming from London or going home they were often, we are told, very rude, "and would challenge men and fall on many people." On more than one occasion they were reviewed by King William himself, and their commander said to his uncle, "My dear King, you shall have both my companies with you to Flanders." William doted on the child, and evidently thought he would turn out a soldier like himself. When he appointed Marlborough his governor, he said, "Teach him what you are, and my nephew cannot want accomplishments." Bishop Burnet was his preceptor, and has left a curious account of his precocious faculties. At ten years old he had made much progress in classics and history. The King used to send some of the Ministers at intervals to examine him and report on his proficiency. Bishop Burnet acquainted him "with all the great revolutions that had been in the world." When we read of the medicine he took, of the blisters he wore, of his big head, his weak little legs, and his wretched appetite, we are not surprised to find the Bishop's task came very soon to an end. "The last thing I explained to him," he says, "was the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws." On his birthday at Windsor, in 1700, he danced till

he was overheated. Then he took a chill, "which brought on a malignant fever," so they thought in those times, and five days later the last of Queen Anne's seventeen children had joined the rest.

Campden House underwent many vicissitudes after this date. Five years after the Duke's death another clever boy lived in it. This was young Boyle, afterwards Lord Burlington, the architect. He may have imbibed some of his taste from the contemplation of the many beauties of the old house, its mullioned windows full of stained glass, and its magnificent carved panelling. It was shortly afterwards sold to Lord Lechmere, who is now chiefly remarkable as having been satirized by Swift, who speaks of "Campden House so high," and "kingly Kensington." At the beginning of the present century it belonged to a Mr. Stephen Pitt, who, residing himself in Little Campden House, let the older building to some ladies who kept a school. Here Maria Fagniani, afterwards Marchioness of Hertford, was sent for her education by George Selwyn. Mr. Pitt built Pitt Street, close by, and probably also the mock Gothic tower which adorns a corner of the wall of Campden House, and is so conspicuous from Sheffield Gardens and Sheffield Terrace, two rows of houses which recall the existence of Sheffield House, alluded to above. Campden House was destroyed by fire in 1862, and rebuilt very nearly on the original plan immediately afterwards. The architect, however, neglected to avail himself of the many old prints of the exterior which are to be seen in the books of Lysons and others, and, instead of the curious stone parapet, there is a series of gables, very picturesque, it is true, but otherwise unsatisfactory. The gardens have been somewhat curtailed of their ancient proportions, and part of the churchyard of St. Mary's is on the site of the old gate with its dogs. When the Underground Railway was made, a tunnel was burrowed through the garden, which is not apparently injured; and the old place is now well kept up, and materially helps Campden Hill to retain its ancient look of umbrageous verdure. Mr. Pitt, mentioned above, left his name in Pitt's Buildings and Pitt Street, and some inaccurate historians assert that Sir Isaac Newton died in Pitt's Buildings. He came out to Kensington for change of air on more than one occasion, and finally died in a house still existing. It is now a school, and is known by the name of a family one of whom, John Bullingham, was Bishop of Gloucester, and was buried in Kensington Church in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Holly Lodge, where Macaulay died in 1859, is not far from Campden House, in a little district of handsome villas locally known as "The Dukeries."

DOGS AND GRAVES.

A CELEBRATED Eastern or pseudo-Eastern curse has always been a little unintelligible, or, if not unintelligible, conventional, to the English mind. Our own associations between dogs and graves are rather derived from Scott, Wordsworth, and the famous incident on Helvellyn, than from any acquaintance with the doings of the actual animal of the Pariah variety. Any one who wishes to realize the full discomfort of having the grave of his grandmother or any other respected person treated as the proverb suggests may be recommended to read the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. The editor of that periodical has a fancy for what are called nowadays *symposia*—a word which, we suspect, unclassical readers are apt to suppose to be Greek for a general scrimmage. He has got the pleasant author of *Thalatta* to write a memorial article on Lord Beaconsfield from the friendly side, and Mr. Alfred Austin to add some verses in a similar strain. Sandwiched between these comes an article from the pen of the Reverend Malcolm MacColl. Now, far be it from us to say that Mr. Malcolm MacColl is an inappropriate person to write biography. On the contrary, he has some of the most valuable characteristics of the biographer—an amiable tendency to haunt the neighbourhood and personal society of great men; an innocent delight in recounting their conversation with him in their *molliora tempora*; a cheerful consciousness of reflected honour in the telling of his story. If Mr. Gladstone were to die—which heaven forefend—and if Mr. MacColl were to outlive him, some thought such as that which Heine formulated in one of his wickedest and most apparently harmless phrases ("Goethe sey todt und Eckermann sey zu leben") might pass through our minds, but we should look forward to a very satisfactory life of "my great friend" damaged only by an incurable belief on Mr. MacColl's part that argument fresh from his own mint was necessary to support and buttress his great friend's admirable conduct and conclusions.

In relation to Lord Beaconsfield, however, the absolute fitness of Mr. MacColl for his post on the present occasion is more doubtful. He is, we are sure, superior to the degrading law which ordains that a great man shall not be a great man to certain varieties of hangers-on. But then he was not Lord Beaconsfield's hanger-on. Still, it would be unjust to deny him the credit of having produced something very like a masterpiece. We shall pay no attention to his purely political criticisms, because, in the first place, Mr. MacColl's political criticisms, except when they are inspired, are purely his own affairs; and because, in the second, this is not the place to do anything with them. What is really interesting is to watch the conduct of the critic with the personal history, motives, &c., of the dead man. Mr. MacColl's first object is to prove that Isaac Disraeli was a free-thinker and

a man of violent polemic language—*ergo*, it was probable that his son would be a free-thinker and a man of violent polemical language. *Q. E. D.* Then the son went to school. Nor was his experience of school life calculated to wean him from the religious scepticism which he had imbibed (*ex hypothesi*) from his father. This experience Mr. MacColl infers to have been one of persecution and ill-treatment. It is nothing that numerous *souvenirs* of Lord Beaconsfield's school life have been published, and that no such experiences are hinted at. "That he was thus treated is," Mr. MacColl thinks, "apparent" from *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*. What Lord Beaconsfield would have liked to do would have been to carry out Vivian Grey's plan of joint revenge on the usher and the boys. Contarini Fleming's fight, his frantic revengefulness, "the characteristic touch of the foreign boy's scorn for the rules of fair fighting," are "coarse and brutal, but probably no more than an exaggerated expression of what the writer felt." Besides, is the vengeance so very different in kind from Lord Beaconsfield's treatment of Sir Robert Peel? So Mr. MacColl; and, indeed, there is no doubt at all that Shakspeare would have liked to smother Anne Hathaway like Desdemona, and that the scene between Cornwall and Gloster is only an exaggerated expression of what the writer felt towards his rival in the sonnet matter.

Hitherto Mr. MacColl has been occupied in exegetics, constructing Lord Beaconsfield's early character (a dreadfully bad one) from the probabilities of his training and the apparent evidence of his novels. After school days the future scourge of the mild and cleanly Bulgarian read Voltaire. It is doubtful whether this reading of Voltaire is more terrible to Mr. MacColl as a true believer or as an anti-Semite. The patriarch, however, planted, it seems, in the breast of this fiendish youth—an appropriate scil—the resolve "to turn the tables on those who had despised him." He resolved to "humble himself and practise all the arts of deceit in order to obtain the position he coveted." The humility, by the way, of Disraeli the younger is a precious *trouvaille* of Mr. Malcolm MacColl's. The critic rather wonders that the career which followed was "so free from moral stigma," and, indeed, on his own hypothesis, it is a little surprising, especially as he proceeds to show how Mr. Disraeli's moral corruption was completed by his association with Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, whom Mr. MacColl is good enough to describe as if nobody had ever heard of them. The evil task begun by Isaac Disraeli, continued by the school persecutors, by Voltaire, and by poor Lady Blessington, was finished by Bolingbroke. Here Mr. MacColl is more liberal than ever. He actually gives us a character of Bolingbroke. The application of that character of course is nothing new, though Mr. MacColl hardly acknowledges the copyright owned by a certain essayist of three or four years ago, but for whom, for aught we know, Mr. MacColl would never have heard of Bolingbroke. As, however, the main actual contact between the two is to be found in a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's own—"The Tory party is a national party, or it is nothing" (this peculiar nationality in Bolingbroke was recognized, be it remembered, by so impartial a judge as Thackeray)—it is not to be wondered at that Mr. MacColl should miss it. His own endeavours are chiefly devoted to the task of proving that Bolingbroke was a free-thinker, and that consequently Lord Beaconsfield was one. *Q. E. D.* again. However, when Mr. MacColl goes off into politics or theology we shall not follow him. He has a right to his opinions there, and in supporting them gives no proof of anything worse than dulness, which he cannot help. What is rather pleasing, however, is the charge of inconsistency which he makes against his enemy. Does not even Mr. MacColl see that this particular stone has a terrible tendency to come back against the windows of his own idol? This, however, is perhaps matter of argument; not so what follows. For exquisite combination of unhappy qualities the following passage will perhaps bear the bell over anything even in this essay:—

His exemplary devotion to his wife has been referred to already. And that devotion derives additional merit from the fact that it was lavished on a wife, much older than himself, not strikingly attractive, and not wedded chiefly for love. Few men occupying such a position as Lord Beaconsfield's would have bestowed upon such a wife during their long years of married life all the attention and gallantry of a youthful lover. It was probably not her fortune alone that induced Lord Beaconsfield to marry a widow so much his senior.

And then follows a quotation from *Vivian Grey*, to the effect that a "young and handsome" wife is an obstacle to a statesman—that is to say, the reader is invited to see the Eastern proverb applied to two graves, not one. "You," the critic says to the one victim, "married partly for money and partly for other unworthy reasons." "You," he says to the other, "were old, you were ugly, you were married mainly for your money, and certainly not for any personal attraction." It is true that he makes such amends as self-portraiture may afford by indicating—quite unconsciously, no doubt—his own standard of the affection and gallantry which need be bestowed on a lady who is unfortunately not young or handsome by her husband. But this, though it completes the general harmony of the picture, cannot be said to be an atonement. In foolish old days women and the dead were supposed to be privileged from attack; but Mr. MacColl, as becomes his circumstances and allegiance, has mastered that superstition. The other passage which we have referred to is a pleasant self-revelation of a similar kind, fortunately marred by no such disgusting accompaniments. Mr. Gladstone, it seems, once honoured Mr. MacColl himself by an anticipation of his statement in the House, saying "I don't believe that he hates me at all." The comparatively imperfect satisfaction which this statement pro-

duces has been before now referred to. That, however, is not the point. "Then," says Mr. MacColl, "*somewhat to my surprise, I own*, Mr. Gladstone expatiated with some degree of enthusiasm on Lord Beaconsfield's debating powers, his splendid Parliamentary pluck, and other qualities." "Somewhat to my surprise" is certainly *impayable*. Could not Mr. Austin Dobson, our modern Gay, give us a fable of two lions and a jackal, and of the surprise of the jackal at discovering that his employer respects his foe? Mr. MacColl's surprise is, indeed, not complimentary to Mr. Gladstone, but it is still less complimentary to Mr. MacColl.

The memory of Lord Beaconsfield owes not a little to the editor of the *Contemporary Review*. He might have committed the task of devil's advocate to some really dangerous master of the craft. Either by dint of adroit insinuation, or of generous praise and recognition, mingled with uncompromising denunciation of conduct, but unspoiled by imputation of motives, a good enough or bad enough case might have been made out against that singular career. But the stuff which we have quoted, at once uncritical and ill-mannered, insolent and dull, will hardly give much satisfaction even to the members of the West Ham Liberal Association and the President of the Rutland Conference of Particular Baptists. We once heard Mr. MacColl unkindly defined as "a bore who writes to the papers on the Eastern Question"; and an amiable defender of his added apologetically, "Yes, but you know Mr. Gladstone puts things into the bore's head." We are quite certain that Mr. Gladstone did not put this thing into Mr. MacColl's head, though very likely Mr. MacColl's zeal for the house induced him to efface the memory of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's unlucky speech by showing that some one can speak of Lord Beaconsfield more foolishly and more indecently than the member for Leeds. If this be the case, it is an instance of touching devotion and complaisance which no eighteenth-century chaplain ever exceeded. Mr. Herbert Gladstone did not, as far as we can remember, criticize the personal charms of the late Viscountess Beaconsfield, or express surprise at his father's admiring Lord Beaconsfield's pluck. It is probable that Mr. MacColl can never understand—indeed, on a good old theory it may be argued that, if he could, he would never have written this letter—the disgust which his article will excite in persons who are by no means indiscriminate admirers of Lord Beaconsfield's political acts, and in many who were directly opposed to him. The animal to whose Eastern achievements we have (of course in the purest metaphor) compared his proceedings is not famous for a nice appreciation of the decencies. But it is a little instructive to compare Mr. MacColl's announcement that "self-aggrandizement was the one aim of Lord Beaconsfield's life" with the deliberate statement of Lord Hartington that that aim was the good of the country—ill-understood, perhaps, but still the good of the country. Had Mr. MacColl any new facts to offer the case might have been different. But he has had in this curious analysis no light to throw on the idiosyncrasy of Lord Beaconsfield, though he has thrown much on a matter of less importance—the idiosyncrasy of the Reverend Malcolm MacColl.

LONDON IN EPSOM WEEK.

THE weather is always a subject of interest in England, and there are sundry classes of our countrymen to whom, like our heavily-handicapped farmers, it is matter of constant and vital concern. All through the summer and the early autumn there are hosts of holiday-makers whose plans of enjoyment may be marred by the vagaries of a singularly capricious climate. But there is one week in the year over which Londoners, with the crowds of strangers in their streets, are sure to be specially excited, and that is the Derby week. The weather makes all the difference between hope, mirth, and high spirits on the one side, and disappointment, depression, and despondency on the other. Snowstorms in June, although not altogether unknown, are nevertheless so rare as to be memorable phenomena; but rain and misty drizzle are unfortunately common enough. It is true that, in the opinion of the more fastidious, things may be overdone in the opposite direction. If a bushel of dust in March be worth a king's ransom—according to the proverb—dust may have gone to a discount in April and May, while in June it is probably dog-cheap and proportionately disagreeable. The suburban roads, so far as you can see them, may be sweltering in the sunshine which has been beating with untempered ardour on the Epsom Downs, baking the parched course, and upsetting the calculations of the knowing ones. So far as that goes, however, to all except some speculative knot who set business and its profits far before pleasure, the defeat of the favourite and the "cracks" is matter rather for congratulation than otherwise. It comes in the shape of a welcome sensation. As for the pleasure-seekers who crowd to Epsom in their thousands in their relief at the escape from pleasure-destroying rain, it is impossible to have a day too fine or too warm for them. From the good old times, when all the world went down by road, a successful Derby day has always been associated with dust and dust-veils and gossamer overcoats; with buckets of water for steaming steeds and brimming tankards for the thirsty "humans." Besides, it is not only for the grand day itself that the weather is a question of extreme importance. For the countless sportsmen who have come up from the country, who have crossed from the Continent, or who have even taken berths in ocean steamers from the colonies, we should say that the aspect of the skies and the metropolis for a few days in

advance is felt generally to be of even greater consequence. Everybody who has come to years of discretion has been taught almost unconsciously by personal experiences, while on the eve of some event to which he has long looked forward, to make the most in the meantime of the pleasures of hope.

And what a motley assemblage we have in London in the Derby week of men who have planned and schemed and intrigued to be present. To an immense number of people, both strangers and residents, the Derby week is the actual height of the season. Masters of hotels and keepers of lodgings are reaping the richest of this annual harvest; and even second-rate houses for once in the year may indulge in the unfamiliar luxury of summarily rejecting urgent applicants. The bachelor quarters of St. James's are filled to overflowing from ground floor to garret; in the coffee-rooms of certain semi-sporting and military hotels the greatly worried waiters are being worn to shadows. The military Clubs are in their fullest feather, and long-parted friends renew the intimacies which were things so remote as to be well-nigh forgotten. Officers from the Indies, more or less distinguished, but either bronzed by the sun or tinted in salmon colour by liver complaints, had timed their arrival in town on "short leave" so as to pass themselves previously through the hands of outfitters and tailors. Already they have got glibly on their tongues the babble of the betting-ring and the gossip of Tattersall's. Moreover, to do them simple justice, many of them know more than a thing or two in horseflesh; they have probably owned half-Arab racers of their own, and ridden them too; or possibly they have graduated creditably as "pig-stickers" in many a neck-and-neck gallop in the rice-fields and among the nullahs. They take kindly and very readily to a sport to which they have always been devoted in the measure of their opportunities. And in that respect and others they are a marked contrast to the awkward squads of our country cousins, who make themselves at least as conspicuous by their bearing as by their dress. We do not speak of the horsey farmers who show to the front in cutaways and knowing billycocks during the Islington Cattle Show week and the Horse Show. These men have bred "bits of blood" themselves, and can sit square at their fences in crossing country. Nor do we speak of the stalwart young squires who have been glorified by Kingsley and other novelists, and who nowadays have their clubs as a matter of course, and are scarcely to be distinguished from the normal man about town except by superior stamina and more ruddy complexions. We refer rather to the thriving solicitors and the junior partners of flourishing mercantile concerns, who ingeniously contrive in the beginning of June that professional engagements shall bring them to London. As they take their daily walks indefatigably abroad of a morning, or lounge up Piccadilly towards the Park late in the afternoon, it is in vain that they strive to assume airs of fashionable nonchalance and languor. Their eyes, and very naturally, will open wide and turn towards the equipages that roll rapidly by them. They hanker wistfully towards certain tempting shop windows, though it is "bad form" to stand honestly and stare. They are too evidently dazzled by the galaxy of beauty in the Row, which has ceased to charm more *blasé* loiterers. Though the stern moralist might deprecate their simple show of vanity, it is impossible for the easy-going philanthropist not to sympathize in their innocent self-complacency with their irreproachable "get-up." The country artist is conspicuous in the cut of the clothes. The boots show greater breadth of treatment than delicacy of touch; it is clear that the shiny hat never came from the *ateliers* of Sackville Street or Bond Street; and the radiance of the necktie would excite the cupidity of the most venerable and peace-loving of African potentates, tempting him to set light by repeating rifles and the rites of hospitality, and make a savage onslaught on unsuspecting guests. But the wearer, although very much alone in the crowd, is cheered by the impression of the universal admiration he excites; nor for the life of you can you help envying the freshness of temperament which must make the wilderness of London a blooming paradise to him. Yet all that happiness, whether innocent or otherwise, rests almost entirely on the treacherous foundation of the weather. We need scarcely do more than advert to a possible reverse of the picture when the emancipated Indian, broken loose from confinement at large in cantonments, exchanges the glowing skies of Hindustan for a London downpour or drizzle, and is driven to fall back on the familiar cards, or the more familiar rattle of the billiard-balls; when the country visitor, whose temporary home may be a dismal back bedroom in Covent Garden, is reduced to refreshing his eye with the spectacle of decaying cabbage-leaves as he gazes disconsolately out of the coffee-room window; when, if he hardens his heart and goes abroad in the mud, he is doomed to hide his lights under a bushel, and cover his brilliant garments with a great-coat that has seen service; when, after sitting down to a dull dinner, he goes to digest it in the stalls of a close theatre, thinking all the time of the disillusioning in store for him when he has his holiday on Epsom Downs in a downpour.

On the other hand, and merely as a dispassionate onlooker, we revel in a fine week like the present. We may have no idea of going to Epsom, whether by road or rail. We may content ourselves by reviving the memories of former years, of which the pleasures are remembered while the troubles are gone to oblivion. We may be pleased to have London left comparatively to ourselves on the Wednesday and the Friday. But it is delightful beforehand to remark all around us practical illustrations of the general buoyancy of anticipation. The steps of the Junior Clubs are

crowded with beaming young faces, which show all the brighter for the flitting shadows of blackness reflected from the features of one or two saturnine bookmakers. Towards luncheon time there is an agreeable clatter of knives and forks from behind the half-drawn sunblinds in the great dining-rooms. Looking in upon the lucky little groups that have secured tables in the windows, we are charmed by the superb indifference to the digestion shown by smoking steaks and lobster salads and mayonnaises while the thermometer stands at something considerable in the shade. That jovial midday meal, when the cheerful *convives* call for more cup or claret or bitter beer is a suggestive revelation. They eat or drink without prejudice to the dinner which is inevitably to succeed in a few short hours. Had Thackeray's "Cave of Harmony" been still in existence, we well know where they would have finished the evening, and, even as things are in these degenerate days, we should be sorry to lay any length of odds against their following up the dinner with a supper. We are sure that not a few of our sprightly young acquaintances could indulge in a light midnight refectory of pork chops and Welsh rabbit, and rise in the early morning unruined, to recruit for the promiscuous hospitality of the Downs with a substantial breakfast. With such constitutions and physical capabilities, if they are wise they will undoubtedly go down by road. We imagine them associating in companies for joint-stock drags, or arranging expeditions to suburban livery stables in quest of those refurbished open carriages which are still quoted at fancy prices, in spite of the competition of the irrepressible railway companies. Hansoms with a modest hamper on the roof are fast and misanthropical rather than jovial. They imply complicated betting books or daring speculations, with the distractions that must pre-occupy the mind till the event of the day has been settled; and then the champagne will flow only too freely, either to drown the sorrows of the moment or to celebrate an intoxicating success. But going down by road in pleasant company and good spirits is greatly to be recommended to the young "sportsman." Probably he will have no reason to regret it at the time, while it will be a picturesque recollection in after life. Who can tell what changes may be imminent? We may live to see racing and other idle recreations peremptorily put down by a people's Parliament, while a Maine liquor law that proscribes the most temperate refreshment has been acclimatized by an autocratic league of abstainers. We wish excessive drinking could be abolished, whether by Act of Parliament or moral suasion; we should be glad to see rough horseplay discountenanced; and, above all, we wish every sort of success to the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. But this world of mingled good and evil being as it is, we own to a fondness for a genuine English holiday like the Derby day. For one man who is locked up for drunkenness or disorderly conduct, or who deserves to be locked up, how many worthy and hard-working folks enjoy a day of innocent happiness! From the keepers of respectable refreshment booths and temporary stalls down to nigger minstrels and speculators in "Aunt Sally," to fortune-tellers, clothes-brushers, and vendors of correct cards, how many unfortunates have an exceptional chance of picking up some of the crumbs from the tables of their "superiors." And it would be difficult to maintain that there is not much to be said for a festival that brings happiness or benefits to so many.

THE FIRST FRENCH JOURNALIST.

ABLE editors are not always remarkable for the width of their erudition, and probably there are many of them who would be puzzled if they were asked to write a history of Théophraste Renaudot. Yet Renaudot may be said, without straining language much, to have been the first European journalist. The Romans, it is true, had their *acta diurna*, which may have answered to a journal which used to be called *The Day's Doings*. The Venetians, too, had their news-letters—*fogli d'avvisi*. And, in the seventeenth century, the great lords and ladies of the Court kept news-collectors in their service, as they had been accustomed to keep jesters. The *novelliste* was a sort of reporter who hung about the town and Court listening and spying for information, as has ever been the custom of his honourable profession. When he had made up an adequate budget of gossip, he copied it out neatly, and presented the manuscript to the lady who employed him. She, in turn, handed it about among her friends, and there were manuscript sheets of news which were lent to the curious on payment of a certain subscription. The best known of the *novellistes* was Loret, author of the papers known as "*La Muse Historique, ou Recueil des Lettres en vers, contenant les Nouvelles du Temps, écrites à son Altesse Mademoiselle de Longueville*" (1650-1665). Loret's *novelles*, however, were printed, and were a kind of "Society journal," as opposed to the serious and formal *Gazette*, founded by Renaudot. As Loret is not much read, except by people in search of the facts of social history in France, we quote from the new edition by M. Livet the lines in which he announces the death of Marion de Lorme. The date of the letter is July 2, 1650:—

La pauvre Marion de Lorme,
De si rare et plaisante forme,
A laissé ravir au tombeau
Son corps si charmant et si beau.
Quand la mort avec sa faucille
Assassine une belle fille,
J'en ay toujours de la douleur,
Et tiens cela pour grand mal-heur.

Loret must not delay us any longer from making the acquaintance of Théophraste Renaudot. This ingenious and inventive man, a native of Loudun, published his first *Gazette* about the end of May, 1631, two hundred and fifty years ago. The *Figaro*, which prints a biography and a portrait of Renaudot, thinks that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this important date might have been a good occasion for founding a press dinner. "Pourquoi la presse française n'aurait-elle pas ses agapes annuelles, comme la presse anglaise?" our contemporary asks. But no nation can have every enjoyment. The French press has its duels; we, it seems, have our agapes; and these national opportunities for exhibiting the affection which journalists notoriously entertain for each other should be sufficient.

To return to Renaudot. He was born about 1586, and took to medicine as a profession. Being, as we have said, inventive and adventurous, he studied the nascent science of chemistry, and employed medicines—"remèdes chimiques." He was, therefore, detested and calumniated as a quack by all orthodox physicians like Guy Patin, and they threw so much mud at him that some of it has stuck. Renaudot had the luck or skill to become the friend of Le Père Joseph, the intimate of Richelieu, and generally known as *son éminence grise*. Through the Père Joseph, or through Richelieu, he got the rank of Médecin du Roi. Yet his position as a doctor was precarious, owing to the fanatical hatred of the Paris faculty. He therefore founded various lucrative enterprises, such as the *Mont de Piété*, a journal of advertisements, and a *Bureau* where people could go in search of information on any subject. Here are some of the advertisements in the *Journal d'annonces*:—"On donnera l'invention de nourrir quantité de volailles à peu de frais." "On demande compagnie pour aller en Italie dans quinze jours." But these enterprises were all overshadowed by the *Gazette*. The paper appeared once a week, and consisted of four pages in small quarto, or later in octavo or duodecimo. The strong point of the *Gazette* was its foreign correspondence. Thus in the number published on May 30, 1631, Renaudot's "specials" actually sent news of April 2 from Constantinople, of April 26th from Rome; while the news from Antwerp was not more than a week old, being dated May 24th. Curiously enough, the early numbers contain no domestic intelligence. In a kind of "budget," which he published once a month, Renaudot gave a summary of the month's news, and replied to his critics and opponents. Probably in these "leaders" (they were all the leading articles Renaudot knew) he took occasion to defend his antimony and other chemical medicines. Thus, in Dr. Nivelet's little book, *Molière et Gui Patin*, we find Patin calling Renaudot a "weekly blackguard"—*nebulo hebdomadarius*—and a "scoundrelly snob," if so we may render *sycophanta deterrimus*. But, as to the *Gazette*, Patin writes:—"Nothing is successful here, unless it be the *Gazette*, which is extremely amusing and consolatory too, for this chattering journal never gives any bad news, though we know there is plenty of it just now." Thus Renaudot anticipated what we have always believed to be likely to prove a successful plan of journalism. There should be a rose-tinted paper which only publishes the good news. All our failures, defeats, evasions, all our purchases of 15,000*l.* worth of American contempt, all our scuttlings, explosions, fiascos, should be steadily ignored. At present correspondents have an invincible trick of telling not only the truth, but the whole truth, and *nouvelles* in Merv or Tunis write as if they did not care a pin for the feelings of party men, Liberals or Conservatives. Our favourite rose-coloured print should be called the *False Prophet*, and should far excel the *Times* in the art of prophesying smooth things. This art seems to have been known to Renaudot, who, as the dependent of Richelieu, could not be an independent journalist, and must have "edited" his foreign correspondents' letters pretty severely. In 1642 Renaudot brought an action for libel against Gui Patin, who, in a Latin preface to the works of Sennert, had styled him a *nebulo*, and a *blatero*, which may be interpreted in the idiom of Burns a *bletherer*. Patin defended his own case, and had the better of the argument. He boasts that he has pulled Renaudot's nose (a pug), and adds that the gazetteer "habet frontem meretricis, et nescit erubescere," so early is the phrase which speaks of "pressmen and prostitutes." Renaudot had two advocates; but they failed to prove that *nebulo* and *blatero* were injurious terms. Yet neither of them seems exactly complimentary. When the Père Joseph, Richelieu and Louis XIII. died, Renaudot found himself alone in a world of enemies. He was prohibited from exercising his profession of physician. His *mont de piété* was closed. Patin now called him an *ardelio*, which sounds libellous, but only means a busybody. But the *Gazette* did not cease to live, and was patronized by Mazarin, as it had been by Richelieu. Renaudot, foreseeing the immense power of his new engine, took a very high line, not unlike that of the modern press, with kings and statesmen. "I have to request princes and foreign States not to lose time in trying to shut out my news, for this is a sort of merchandise that custom-houses cannot detain, and which, like torrents of water, waxes stronger as you try to resist it." In later days, Renaudot anticipated a modern organ of evening Liberalism by starting a halfpenny paper—*Le Courrier Français*—which was hawked in the streets, and greedily purchased by a people avid of news. "On n'entendait, les vendredis, crier autre chose que le *Courrier Français*." Renaudot died on October 25, 1653. His career had certainly been a remarkable one. He had invented publicity. And this he had done but incidentally and

by the way. His real business was that of medicine, in which his innovations were practically successful. He was probably unaware, in spite of his arrogance, that he had been the author, as Mr. Carlyle would have said, with his usual geniality, of Satan's Invisible World Displayed. All editors, special commissioners in the Transvaal, and elsewhere, all penny-a-liners, all they that write leading articles, or speed the light *canard*, are his spiritual offspring. Renaudot died, according to Patin, *gueux comme un peintre*, but probably it was a last stroke of malice to aver that the *nebulo*, *blatero*, *ardelio*, *fourbe* did not "cut up well." Renaudot may have been less successful, as far as worldly wealth meant, than many of his successors as founders and proprietors of newspapers. Till 1789, when the word *journalisme* came in, his *Gazette* continued to be the chief French political paper. This was rendered the more easy by the privilege which forbade any other political journal to be printed in Paris. The Dutch press, however, used to pour out little journals which were mere collections of political slander, Louis XIV. was their chief victim, and, with a touch of human nature, the King, as Saint-Simon says, used to have all the *Gazettes étrangères* read aloud to him. It is strange to think of the old king wincing under his periwig and silk lace at the attack of some ragged and starving garretier. By this date the modern press, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, was full grown, and as active after its kind as the Nihilist pamphlets that are read to the Emperor of Russia.

THE YACHT-RACING ASSOCIATION.

RATHER more than two months ago there appeared in the *Field* what at first sight looked like a drawing of one of the wine-glasses of the old Beefsteak Club—that is to say, a wine-glass with the foot broken off, so that the drinker therefrom might not indulge in the ignoble practice of leaving heel-taps. The description which accompanied this sketch showed, however, that it did not represent a relic of the joviality of the past, but the midship section of a yacht, the body in outline precisely resembling the bowl of a glass, and the keel in section the stem. The marvellous vessel thus delineated was called the *Evolution*; and, though the name is not yet known to the outside public, it has already become famous in yachting annals, for, albeit of only 10 tons measurement nominally, this cutter has, we venture to say, caused more excitement and discussion amongst yachtsmen and yacht-builders than any other craft which has appeared since the days of the *America*. The *Evolution's* designer, Mr. E. H. Benthall, had apparently been guided principally by a desire to take the fullest possible advantage of the present rule of measurement, and she has accordingly enormous length in proportion to her beam. To give her the requisite strength a very ingenious expedient has been adopted, the vessel being, so to speak, built on to a girder. It is not, however, to this novelty in construction, striking as it is, neither is it to the not very remote possibility of the *Evolution's* losing her mast in a gale, that the attention which the yachting world has given her or the excitement which she has caused is due. The *Evolution* has become celebrated because she has been the means of bringing to a crisis the controversy respecting the rule of measurement which has continued for so many years; and there is unfortunately only too much reason to fear that she may be further celebrated as having indirectly been the cause of much injury to the prestige and credit of a body in which hitherto many yachtsmen have had unflinching belief, to wit the Council of the Y. R. A. In designing his remarkable vessel, Mr. Benthall showed in the most emphatic manner what could be done under the Thames rule of measurement, or under that modification of it which is known as the Y. R. A. rule of measurement. It is not remarkable that many took alarm, and that there was much excitement and discussion; and it is not to be regretted, that a glaring example set clearly before the eyes of all should have made the necessity for change obvious, and well nigh indisputable. It is remarkable, and it is to be regretted, that the body which was supposed to be better qualified than any other to deal with the question should have behaved with such vacillation and inconsistency, and should have tolerated such eccentric conduct on the part of one of its members as to shake altogether the confidence which has hitherto been reposed in it. We certainly shall not be accused of any hostility to the Y. R. A. We believe their rules to be the best which exist for the management of yacht-racing, their time allowance to be the fairest; and not long ago we endeavoured to show that clubs would do well to adopt them. It is with the deepest regret that we feel called upon to criticize the recent conduct of the Council; but, unfortunately, criticism is unavoidable if there is to be any fairness in the treatment of the question. The Y. R. A. endeavour to correct the mistakes of clubs, and they cannot complain if the mistakes of their Council are pointed out; and that their Council have of late made grievous mistakes will, we think, be evident from a recapitulation of what has happened. In order to make this clear to readers who have not followed the subject, we must go back some little way, and state some facts which are already trite to those who have given attention to this question.

Early in the present year the Council of the Y. R. A. became convinced of the necessity for a new rule of measurement, and, after consideration, accepted one which was suggested by the Secretary of the Association, Mr. Dixon Kemp, a gentleman as

competent for the task of devising a system of measurement as could possibly be found. According to his proposed rule, which has perhaps been more discussed than any other rule that ever was proposed, the square of a vessel's length was to be multiplied by the extreme breadth and the product divided by 1,200. How far the Council, in considering the matter, had been influenced by tidings of the design of the *Evolution* and other vessels we are not aware, but certainly it was the *Evolution* which made the necessity for change generally obvious. The new regulation was brought forward by the Council at a general meeting of the Association, and it was decided that the question should be referred to the whole body of members, and that a two-thirds majority should be required to carry the proposed rule. In an article written at the time we commended this decision, as it appeared to us that further discussion could do no harm, and that it was highly desirable that the authority of the Association should not be impaired by anything that bore the semblance of precipitate legislation. The events which followed this not unreasonable decision were, however, most singular, and it is to be feared that their result has been sadly to shake the credit of the Council. While the vote was still pending Colonel Leach, not a yacht-owner, who is, it seems, the honorary treasurer of the Association, and, for this reason we presume, a member of the Council, thought fit to send round a circular which virtually urged members to vote in the negative. The ambiguous wording of this circular, which was such as possibly to produce the impression that it had the authority of the Council, led to its being immediately repudiated by the Marquess of Exeter on behalf of the Council; but a good many votes may have been sent in under a false impression before the official notice was received, and clearly no reliance could be placed on a decision which might have been wrongly influenced. Of the impropriety of the conduct by which this unfortunate state of things was brought about it is unnecessary to speak. We do not, of course, impute for an instant anything like *mala fides* to Colonel Leach, but it is clear that he took a most mistaken course.

Any harm which might have been done could, however, easily have been remedied; and nothing need have been said about the matter but for the strange behaviour of the Council of the Y. R. A. That body, as has been shown, brought forward, after full deliberation, a rule of measurement. One of their members thought fit, without resigning his place on the Council, to issue a circular virtually urging members of the Association to vote against the rule, and this circular the Council immediately repudiated. As the voting had possibly been improperly influenced by it, and as the two-thirds majority did not appear to be necessary, a special meeting was demanded to reconsider the question and to put the Council's rule fairly to the vote. This requisition was a very proper one, as it was only right that the Council should be supported, and that there should be an unbiassed decision on the rule they had brought forward. Strange to say, the Council, when an attempt was being made to uphold their authority, made a sudden *volte face*, and declared that they would rather it was set aside. A notice was published, from which it appeared that the Council intended to give their own rule the go by, and to propose almost exactly what Colonel Leach suggested in the circular which was so strongly objected to. At this meeting, according to the *Times* report, a resolution was carried which declared that the vote already taken had been wrongly influenced and was therefore null and void. A committee list proposed by the Council, in which appeared the name of Colonel Leach, who had not resigned his place on the Council, was not accepted, and it was determined that the task of preparing a new rule of measurement should be assigned to a committee appointed by the vote of the whole body of members.

We do not desire to consider at present the merits or demerits of the Council's rule or the advisableness of further consideration. What unhappily it is necessary to speak of now is the singular conduct of the governing body of the Y. R. A. In this case it is to be observed that a certain number of members who desired to support the Council called for a general meeting, whereupon the Council imitated the famous person who turned his back upon himself, and accepted the proposition contained in a circular which was issued to defeat their own proposal. One of two things, then, is certain. Either they are entirely wrong in their sudden change of course, or else originally they brought forward their rule without proper consideration. Whichever view be taken, there can, we fear, be little doubt that their authority must be sadly weakened, and this is greatly to be regretted. The clubs whom the Y. R. A. seek to influence are not likely to overlook the vacillating and inconsistent course of their rulers, and, indeed, the fruits of this are already apparent. It seems, from a letter in the *Field*, that another misleading circular has been issued with the object of influencing members in voting for the proposed committee. The result of the vote was, we believe, announced this week, but we are not aware who were selected. If, however, it should appear that the voting was influenced by the circular, everything will have to be done over again. It may very safely be assumed that this second irregularity would never have occurred had it not been for the weak conduct of the Council of the Y. R. A.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this is not a private question such as sometimes arises between a committee and the members of a club. Were it so, it certainly would not be treated in these columns. The Y. R. A. is a public body, which seeks to regulate yacht-racing all over the coast, and the question of measurement is assuredly not a private one. The proceedings of

the Council which represents the Y. R. A. are then a fair subject for comment, and unhappily are, as has been shown, open to comment of the most unfavourable kind. How the Association can expect clubs to pay them universal obedience when their Council does not know its own mind for a few weeks together, and when a single member is allowed to oppose the body to which he belongs and seemingly to prevail, we are totally unable to conceive. The *Evolution* caused infinite dismay and commotion, and inspired yachtsmen with just fear. In their distress they looked to the Y. R. A. to help them; but it is to be feared that the strain of attempting to do so has been too much for that institution. We trust that in the end it may again inspire confidence, but at present its position seems to be a critical one. To use a nautical simile, those in charge of the ship have got her in irons, with the shore a great deal nearer than is pleasant, and this is greatly to be regretted; but fortunately everything may yet be brought to a satisfactory conclusion if, as is most probable, the members of the Y. R. A. have made amends for the errors of their rulers by appointing a good committee. It should not be a task of great difficulty to select from their body men quite competent to settle this question—and settled it should certainly be—or else there is danger that the sport of yacht-racing may become ridiculous by leading to incessant dispute. Recent events, into which it is not necessary to enter now, show that it is imperative that there should be a uniform code of rules, and a uniform time allowance. The necessity for a uniform rule of measurement and for an alteration of the present system is scarcely less apparent, and it is therefore greatly to be hoped that the members of the Y. R. A. have elected a thoroughly competent committee. That body will have in one respect an enviable task, as it will be in their power to put an end to disputes of long duration, and to make yachtsmen forget the unfortunate vacillations of the Council by producing a really satisfactory rule of measurement, which, without making *Evolutions* impossible, will assign to them their proper place.

THE DERBY.

THOSE people who only take an interest in the Derby on the day of the race are like novel-readers who content themselves by reading the end of the third volume of a story. They may enjoy the excitement of the grand finale, they may take pleasure in the evident blighting of many hopes, and in the solution of a problem which has given them no trouble; but, after all, they cannot derive the same interest from the conclusion of the narrative as do those who are well acquainted with the actors in the drama, as well as with the complications, the virtues, and the villainies of the plot. The Derby may be said to be a long story, beginning about a year before the actual day of the race. The first scene bearing on the Derby of 1881 was the race for the Twenty-third Biennial Stakes at Ascot in June 1880. This race was worth more than 1,000*l.*, and nine two-year-olds came out to contest it. Of these the favourite was Angelina, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; but the winner proved to be Sir Charles, a good-looking colt by Pero Gomez. A couple of days later came the New Stakes at Ascot, another valuable race, worth 1,322*l.* For this Tristan, who had beaten Angelina at Newmarket, was the first favourite, after whom Angelina and Sir Charles were equal favourites. Again Sir Charles won, Tristan being second and Angelina third. After this race Sir Charles was established as first favourite for the Derby, and he was at once backed to win 6,000*l.* at the short price (for that length of time before the race) of 10 to 1. After winning another race at Winchester the favourite met with defeat at Goodwood, where he ran extremely badly, and he never ran again as a two-year-old. In July a two-year-old filly of extraordinary merit began her career. This was Bal Gal, who unfortunately became a roarer; she was far the most successful two-year-old of the season. If she had kept sound, she would undoubtedly have been first favourite for the Derby. A colt that showed some form in July and August was Scobell, who, after winning a couple of races at Stockbridge, ran a dead-heat with Wandering Nun and Mazurka for the Astley Stakes at Lewes. In this race Thora and Cumberland ran a dead-heat for second place, being only a head behind the three leaders. We may observe that this was one of the finest races ever seen on the Turf. In the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, Scobell ran within three-quarters of a length of the flying Bal Gal. Another colt that occasionally ran in good form was Iroquois, who ran Bal Gal to a head in the July Stakes at Newmarket; but his form was very unequal, and he ran badly at the end of the season. In October came the race which was intended by its founders to be the great Derby Trial Stakes for two-year-olds—namely, the Middle Park Plate. St. Louis, a colt by Hermit, galloped in three lengths in front of the nearest of his sixteen opponents, Town Moor being second. In the Houghton Meeting, when meeting St. Louis at an advantage of 9 lbs., Town Moor subsequently beat him by half a length. St. Louis was also beaten in the Dewhurst Plate, but he was again heavily weighted. In the Newmarket Houghton Meeting the Criterion Nursery Stakes was won with extraordinary ease by a horse called Geologist. His previous running had been nothing to boast of, but now he cantered in six lengths in front of Thora.

Early in the winter months St. Louis was first favourite for the

Derby. As time progressed, there were rumours that he was not quite sound, which were followed by counter rumours that he was in perfect health. After this, sometimes St. Louis, sometimes Sir Charles, and sometimes Scobell was the first favourite. At one time hopes were entertained that, after all, Bal Gal was not a roarer; but they were of short duration. Geologist became rather a favourite as the spring advanced, as also did Peregrine, a horse which had not yet run in public. There were only two races at the Craven Meeting which threw any material light upon the Derby. One was the Craven Stakes, which brought out Lord Rosebery's Cameliard, a well-shaped bay colt by Cremorne, who, after starting third favourite, beat a moderate lot of horses. The other was the Biennial, in which Tunis beat Montrose (who had won the Great Sapling Stakes of 1,000 sovereigns at Sandown Park), Great Carle, the winner of the Home-Bred Produce Stakes at Newmarket, and several other horses. After the race Tunis was backed at 15 to 1 for the Derby. The next event of importance in connexion with the Derby was the Two Thousand. For this race St. Louis was a strong first favourite during the Craven week, Bal Gal being a good second favourite. The next week saw the dethronement of both these favourites. Bal Gal was tried in a perfectly open manner, and was ingloriously beaten; and St. Louis threw out a splint, had to be blistered, and was consequently stopped in his work. This, of course, completely changed the aspect of both the Two Thousand and the Derby. As we observed in a former article, the Two Thousand was very easily won by Peregrine. Three lengths behind him was Iroquois, and a length and a half behind Iroquois came Don Fulano, who was only a head in advance of Cameliard. Scobell and Golden Plover, who had started first and second favourites, were unplaced. Several other horses of note were also hopelessly beaten; among these were Tristan, who had shown some form last year, Wandering Nun, and Cumberland, who had been among the five horses that ran within a head of each other in the memorable Astley Stakes at Lewes, and Town Moor, who had beaten St. Louis in the Post Stakes at Newmarket. Two days after came the One Thousand Guineas. Thebais, the winner, was a very great favourite, but even the roaring Bal Gal and Lucy Glitters were supposed to be better than Thora; nevertheless, Thora made a very good race with Thebais, only being beaten by a neck. We have already observed that Geologist had beaten Thora by half-a-dozen lengths in the Criterion Nursery Stakes. Now, therefore, Thora's excellent running with such a smart filly as Thebais, seemed to prove that Geologist must be a horse of extraordinary merit. The result of all this was that Peregrine became a very firm first favourite for the Derby, Geologist being second favourite, while Iroquois, Sir Charles, and Cameliard were for some time the next in demand. Excuses were made for Cameliard's indifferent running in the Two Thousand. It was said that his jockey had eased him when he found that he could not win, and that he was better suited for a long course than for a short one. The position of St. Louis in the betting market varied almost from day to day. After some delay in his training he again got to work. His chance was debated with great eagerness among both his friends and his enemies. The latter said that after a suspension of his preparation so near the time of the race it was impossible that he could be made as fit as he ought to be by the Derby day; while the former argued that his sire, Hermit, had won the Derby after breaking a blood-vessel, and lying idle until very near the day of the race. From a fortnight to ten days before the Derby there were several mishaps among the Derby candidates. At the Newmarket Spring Meeting, in the Payne Stakes, Tunis, the first favourite, broke down, and was afterwards scratched for the Derby, and Scobell, the second favourite, ran too badly to have any great hopes of winning the great race at Epsom. Golden Plover injured himself in some manner at exercise, and had to be shot.

Early in the Epsom week, Sir Charles, against whom, as we have already observed, as little as 10 to 1 had been laid almost a year ago, was scratched. It is said that he had been beaten in a trial. Barrett, an American horse, who had been heavily backed at 20 to 1, was scratched on the same day. On the morning of the race, Cameliard was found to be lame and was scratched. After all these reductions, only fifteen horses went to the post. There was some delay in clearing the course, so the start was behind time; but after one failure the horses got off on very equal terms. Iroquois was the first horse to break the even line of heads by going to the front; but in a couple of hundred yards another American horse, Marshal Macdonald, took the lead, and began to make the running for Iroquois. His exertions, however, were unequalled for, as St. Louis went to the front at the top of the hill, and made the running manfully down the incline by Tattenham Corner into the straight. There he began to show symptoms of distress, and for a moment or two the lead was taken by an extreme outsider called Voluptuary. Scobell and Town Moor then came forward; but, although they were leading when so near the winning-post, they were running like beaten horses, while Peregrine and Iroquois were close to them, and were evidently only waiting their time to shoot to the front. Half way up the straight Peregrine rushed forward, and held the lead as far as the distance; but Iroquois followed him very closely, and, as they came near the winning-post, passed him without any great difficulty, winning by about half a length. "The Britishers were whipped," for Iroquois was bred in the United States, and he belongs to an American. Late at night a Transatlantic telegram announced that processions were perambulating the streets of New York in honour of the victory. Leamington, the sire of Iroquois,

won two Chester Cups and the Goodwood Stakes. Iroquois's dam was descended from the famous West Australian, who won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger in the year 1853. Iroquois was ridden by Archer, who rode Bend Or to victory in the Derby of last year, as well as Silvio in that of 1877. The result of the Derby would appear to show that, while Peregrine possesses great speed, Iroquois is a better stayer. Both Iroquois and Peregrine are good-looking horses; but the general opinion among good judges of racehorses is that they are inferior to the average of Derby and Two Thousand winners. Town Moor, who was third, is a powerful horse, 16 hands high, with a great deal of bone; but he has high galloping action, which is a decided defect in a racehorse. Several competent authorities consider the field, as a whole, to have been the worst that has taken part in a Derby for many years. The day was intensely hot, the dust was suffocating, and the course was as hard as iron.

The Derby would be incomplete without the annual wrangle in the House of Commons on the question of taking a holiday for the occasion. We have nothing to say against the customary adjournment on the Derby day; but it seems to us that those who profess themselves so anxious to economize the time of the House of Commons that they grudge the Derby holiday on the Wednesday are a little inconsistent in annually wasting a part of the Tuesday as well. The debate on the Derby is always a useless waste of time, and on Tuesday last the debate on the Irish Land Bill was considerably delayed, while two members made long speeches and stupid jokes about bawling blackguards, ancient Britons, Sabbatarianism, Saints' days, Nonconformists, and various other subjects, under pretence of opposing or of supporting the Derby adjournment.

THE RISE IN SECURITIES.

THE rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities continues. It is now just two years since the movement began. It was in the May of 1879 that there was the first symptom of a revival of speculation after the long depression and discredit. The speculation quickly died away, but it began again in the following September, and has since continued to gather strength. It may be worth while to give some instances of the extent to which it has now proceeded. In the two years Consols have risen $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the New Two and a half per Cents. have risen 10½ per cent. Indian Four per Cents. have risen 2 per cent., Cape of Good Hope Four and a half per Cents. have risen 5½ per cent., and Queensland Fours have gone up 8½ per cent. Amongst English Railways, again, London and Brighton Ordinary shares have risen over 12 per cent., London and North-Western about 14 per cent., Metropolitan about 5 per cent., and Metropolitan District about 20 per cent. In Scotch Railways, however, with the exception of Glasgow and South-Western, the rise is trifling; and in the principal Irish lines there is actually a fall. Nor is this movement by any means confined to our own market. On the contrary, it is still more marked in New York and in Paris. French Three per Cents. for instance, have risen over 6 per cent., or nearly twice as much as Consols, and Bank of France shares are gone to a premium of 470 per cent.; while United States bonds have appreciated so much that the Government has been able to refund the Fives and Sixes at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. And it is expected that next winter a further reduction of interest to 3 per cent. will be effected. Moreover, New York Central shares have advanced 40 per cent., and Illinois Central nearly 70 per cent.

The phenomenon being thus general, it must have general causes. Amongst these the principal is the great scarcity of first-class securities. Since the French Indemnity Loans were raised there has been no issue on a large scale of really sound investment stocks. On the contrary, there has been an enormous diminution in several instances. The United States Government, for example, since the close of the Civil War, will have paid off about 180,000,000*l.* of its debt when the present funding operations are ended, and, at the same time, it has reduced very greatly the interest upon the remaining debt. United States bonds were previously held extensively in this country, in Holland, and in Germany; but, as the redemption of the principal and the reduction of the interest went on, the bonds were taken away from Europe. The banks of the United States are compelled to hold Government securities or else to give up their note circulation; and trustees, insurance offices, and similar institutions are obliged also to hold these bonds. The result has been that the bonds in the hands of the general public have been very largely called in and paid off, and that their place has had to be taken by other securities. While this was going on, the growth of population and wealth has been enormous. Since the last census was taken a population larger than those of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales all put together has been added to the population of the United States. And the accumulation of wealth has been in greater proportion still. Thus, while the number of investors and the means of investment have been enormously increased, the really sound securities within their reach have been very greatly diminished. Necessarily, therefore, a great demand has arisen for other good securities, such as State and city bonds and railway shares and debentures. The rise in all these good securities naturally led to a rise in the less safe securities, and has ended

in great inflation. Here at home, too, there has been a considerable reduction in the debt, though nothing like what has taken place in the United States. Mr. Gladstone now proposes to turn 60 millions of Consols into terminable annuities, and in four years more he or his successor will have at his disposal 4 millions a year with which to effect a still greater reduction in the debt. This, added to the redemption of the United States debt, has greatly diminished the available investment stocks, and consequently has driven all who are not absolutely compelled to invest in Government securities to put their money in other things which would give them a better return. There is nothing, therefore, surprising in the great rise that has occurred in first-class railway debentures and shares. When Consols yield only about 2½ per cent., it is not unreasonable that 4 per cent. should be considered a very satisfactory yield from such railways as the London and North-Western. And while this reduction of the National Debt has been going on, it may almost be said that the building of railways has ceased. There are still, of course, small additions made to our network of lines, and there are constantly emissions of new capital to build stations and make other improvements, but the construction of main lines has ended. In France the growth of the debt steadily goes on, but the growth of wealth is still faster. And in Italy the chronic deficits, which lasted so long, have been brought to an end. There is a balance now between income and expenditure, and preparations are being made for the resumption of specie payments. In fact, Italy has ceased to be one of the borrowing countries, and is fast becoming an investment or capitalist country. There is thus a basis for much of the rise that has taken place, though, of course, like everything else, the rise itself has been pushed too far.

Another but more temporary cause of the movement we are tracing is the cheapness of money. For a considerable length of time now the discount rate in the open market in London has seldom for a month together exceeded 2 per cent., and has generally been lower. It is natural, therefore, that banks, with large deposits on which they have to pay interest, should prefer to lend upon stocks on which they can obtain from 2½ to 4 per cent. rather than compete with one another for bills which would yield them probably not half as much. The depositors themselves, too, are dissatisfied with the low rate of interest which the banks are able to allow them, and either lend upon the Stock Exchange themselves or speculate with their savings in the hope of increasing their capital. As long as this great cheapness of money lasts there must be an upward movement in securities. It would not be natural that money should be lendable in the short loan market in London for any length of time at 2 per cent. or less, while good securities were paying 5 or 6 per cent. A third cause of the rise is the badness of trade. When trade is very active traders put all the money they can scrape together into their business. They are anxious to build new mills, to increase their machinery, to extend their business in every direction where it seems likely to pay. And they not only put in all their own savings, but they use their credit also for the sake of the profit they see in prospect before them. When, on the contrary, as for several years now, trade is dull, a much less capital is all they require, and consequently they have to look about them for other employment for their savings. They have, therefore, put their money into stocks, and have thus augmented the demand which, as we saw, is very real and very powerful. This demand, of course, is temporary. If trade were to improve, one of the first consequences would be that merchants and manufacturers would sell out of some of the stocks in which they have now temporarily invested to put the proceeds in their business. This has always to be borne in mind; and if, as we may hope now, the coming harvest is a good one, and gives the stimulus to trade which is universally looked for, we may expect that considerable sales of securities will ensue, and that the rise in prices, which has gone on now for nearly two years, will receive a check. In another way, too, the improvement of trade will check the rise. It will cause a demand for money, will enhance its value, and will thus make people dissatisfied with the low interest which is now all that can be obtained from first-class securities.

These are the broad and general causes of the rise we have witnessed, and which is causing so much surprise and so much anxiety in many quarters. They are neither reprehensible nor immoral; but they warn us that at any moment the rise may be checked, and may be followed even by a considerable fall. As yet we do not think that here in England there has been any very wild speculation such as would cause a panic, provided, of course, there were to be no great political disturbance. It may be different in France and in the United States; but here in England, as yet, the causes that have been acting are such as made a great rise inevitable as soon as the extreme discredit caused by the Glasgow Bank failure passed away. And one of these causes will continue to act as long as there is no great fresh creation of securities—we refer, of course, to the scarcity of first-class securities. If there were to be a great European war, with its enormous issues of loans and its waste of capital, of course the value of money would be raised immensely, and all prices must inevitably fall. But, if there is not such a war—if, on the contrary, the prosperity that is now extending throughout the commercial world continues, and is availed of to reduce the debts of the first-class States, sound investments must command a high price. As we have already said, the improvement of trade, however, will tend to check a further great rise both by opening up new channels for the employment of money, and thus raising its value, and by diverting from the Stock Exchange funds which

are now poured into it in immense volume. But even the improvement of trade may have a less effect than is expected. The conditions under which trade is now carried on are greatly changed from what they formerly were. The telegraph, the railway, and the steamship have revolutionized the methods of commerce. It is no longer necessary to keep enormous stocks on hand, or to provide long beforehand for the business of a season. Orders can be transmitted from London to Calcutta, Melbourne or San Francisco, in a few hours, and payments can be made with equal speed and by the same means. So, again, in the course of a few weeks cotton or corn can be brought from distant continents to Europe. There is thus an immense economy of capital. There is no need for locking up vast sums of money in stocks that will not be used for months to come. Nor are the enormous warehouses necessary that would be required were the present volume of trade to be done on the old system. It may be doubted, therefore, whether even brisk trade will have the effect that many expect from it, though, of course, it must divert capital from the Stock Exchange to commercial business, and thus enhance the value of money. In the long run, by raising the value of money and making it scarce, it will bring down prices, and may possibly even produce the crisis which is so freely predicted now; but, if politics run smooth and no accidents occur, the crisis may be postponed much longer than many of the prophets seem to think possible.

RECENT MUSIC.

LAST week Mme. Sembrich made her appearance, which had been unavoidably postponed, in *Dinorah* at Covent Garden. The marvellous facility with which this singer overcomes the vocal gymnastics that are assigned to the part by the composer was as marked as when she was heard for the first time last year in *Lucia*, and the applause with which she was greeted was as well merited as upon that occasion. Save for the popularity of one or two songs which the opera contains, we doubt whether it would be worth the trouble to a great singer to study such a part as *Dinorah*, so devoid is it of dramatic interest and replete with absurdities. In these circumstances, perhaps, it was not unnatural that Mme. Sembrich should have been unconscious of the comic effect produced by the repetition of the "Shadow Song," which involves the reproduction of that most accommodating of moons and breaks the thin thread of dramatic interest which may be found in this opera. The same remark, of course, applies to M. Lassalle's encore of "Sei vendicata assai." Bearing in mind M. Lassalle's really fine representation of Nelusko in *L'Africaine* last year, we must admit that we were very disappointed at his rendering of Hoel in this opera. M. Lassalle appeared to us to have lost interest in the work he had undertaken, and had become mechanical and conventional. It was only when he had a song which was worthy of his great powers that he really exerted himself. In stage language, in fact, he simply walked through his part until he reached "Sei vendicata assai," which was duly acknowledged by the audience, and, as we have said before, was marred by the repetition. Mme. Trebelli took the part of the Goatherd—an insignificant part, which she raised to importance by her wonderful powers of vocalization and acting. Signor Marini's Corentino was not of the best. We would suggest that it would be advisable for Signor Marini to give some attention to the conductor's beat, especially at the close of the first act, when in his agony of fear he drops on his knees and invokes all the saints in creation to have mercy on him. For want of this one of the most comic situations was completely marred. Mlle. Valmi was a competent Capraja, and M. Dauphin and Signor Corsi gave intelligent renderings of the parts assigned to them.

Lohengrin has been performed at Covent Garden with two new singers, Herr Labatt of the Vienna Opera, and M. Dauphin. Herr Labatt, who is, we believe, a Swede, has been one of the leading dramatic tenors of the German stage for about thirteen years. Herr Labatt shows us a somewhat new reading of the part of Lohengrin. His Knight of the Swan is, judged by his second representation of the part, when he had overcome his first nervousness, full of human feeling and passion, his high and supernatural character being only indicated from time to time. Telramund and Ortrud are treated with contemptuous loathing, finely expressed in the duel scene by throwing the sword and shield down the instant Telramund falls, as if they had been polluted by being used against such a creature. Again, at the end of the last act Herr Labatt represents Lohengrin almost overcome with grief at the loss of Elsa, grief so deep that his sense of his high mission, to which he is recalled, can only by a struggle reassert itself and restore him to saddened dignity. His farewell to the swan was full of feeling, and produced the effect that was desired; whilst Mme. Albani's Elsa was as fine a rendering as she has ever given. The touching scene where Telramund accuses her of her brother's death was given with all the dramatic power that she has now become celebrated for, and the dreaminess of her vision of the Knight who was coming to deliver her was exquisitely depicted. Again, when he does not appear as she expects, her amazement without loss of belief was most admirably represented, whilst her expression of joy at his arrival is perhaps unsurpassed on the operatic stage. M. Dauphin, at the second performance, as the Herald, had much improved upon his first representation, from the fact, doubtless,

that he had become more familiar with the vast stage of the Covent Garden Opera. Signor Silvestri took the part of the King, and Mlle. Mantilla and Signor Cotogni were respectively Ortrud and Telramund.

M. Dupont conducted the performance in a manner to increase his already high reputation—his skill as an accompanist, which we have before noticed, being again shown in a most marked manner. It would appear that the stage manager of the Royal Italian Opera has a special spite against first acts. He is trying hard to make the first act of *Lohengrin* as ridiculous as he has already rendered the first act of *Faust*. When the lists have been measured out, the Herald makes proclamation that all must stand outside the lists on pain of death to serfs, and loss of the right hand for freemen. The instant that this proclamation has been made, the stage manager causes everybody on the stage to walk into and through the lists, and has now gone so far as to make the knights, who have marked out the space, remove the lances which mark out the lists, so as to give greater freedom of circulation.

Mlle. Adalgisa Gabbi has made her appearance at Her Majesty's in the part of Aida, and appears to please her audience. She has a beautiful voice, and at times sings well; but from some cause, or more probably some combination of causes, her power of singing frequently leaves her altogether, whilst the quality of her voice becomes extremely harsh. Her dramatic power is very great, and she is gifted with expressive mobile features. Indeed, we have seldom seen the part better played. Mlle. Tremelli was Amneris; and, though her performance was, on the whole, stagey and forced, yet she deserves great praise for the scene during and after the judgment of Rhadames. The general performance was very good. Signor Arditì has obviously worked hard with both band and chorus, and has made a great improvement in both.

Mme. Nilsson made her re-appearance in *Faust*, which has been given with a cast exceptionally good, save for the absence of Mme. Trebelli. It might well have been thought that there could be nothing new to say concerning the poetry and tragedy which, with the most finished artistic skill, Mme. Nilsson imparts to the character of Marguerite. Yet there are some dramatic touches which to us at least are new—notably in the scene of the ballad of the King of Thule, and which added yet another grace to a performance which before had seemed perfect. To speak of the power and exquisite delicacy and tenderness of Mme. Nilsson's singing of the part would be only to repeat what we have often said before. Mr. Maas re-appeared as Faust, and sang the music of the part with fine perception, and with thoroughly-trained use of a pure tenor voice, which is now a rare possession. His acting still leaves much to be desired; but it is well to remember that Signor Mario began his career as a poor actor, and ended it as an exceptionally fine one. Signor Novara appeared as Mephistopheles. We do not hesitate to say that dramatically he is the best Mephistopheles who has been seen on the London lyric stage since the absence of M. Faure. From watching his performance one may naturally infer that he has studied not only the work of MM. Barbe and Carrier, but also that of Goethe. His acting is throughout original, without any suspicion of eccentricity, and is throughout in accordance with what we take to be the right conception of the spirit that denies as represented in the person of Mephistopheles. His command of gesture and facial expression is unusually complete, and in its employment he never sacrifices truth to making of points. The praise that we can accord to his singing is less only in degree. He used a fine voice, on the whole, with much art and steadiness. The "Dio del or" he sang, as well as acted, capably, and in the recitatives he was admirable. It is difficult to judge how much of his comparatively limited success in the serenade was due to the extraordinarily bad accompaniment conducted by Signor Arditì. Signor Arditì's conducting throughout was of a flabby kind, and also went far to spoil Signor Del Puente's fine performance of the death scene of Valentine. In spite of Signor Arditì's conducting, the chorus showed a marked improvement.

The second Richter Concert consisted of Brahms's Academic Overture, Leslie's "Mephisto Walzer," the "Siegfried Idyl," and Schumann's Symphony in C. The Academic Overture was written for the occasion of an honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy which was conferred upon the composer at the University of Breslau in the course of last summer. It is constructed upon the basis of four German students' songs, and, although full of the most masterly work, it is likely to prove somewhat uninteresting to the English public. In the first place, German student songs are not generally known here, and when they are wrapt up in the most intricate counterpoint, or, as in the case of the "Fuchslied," in actual fugue, it is hardly to be expected that it will meet with general approval. The overture, however, is, when understood and read in the light of a work written for a special purpose, a really fine work, and will repay careful study. Of Liszt's "Mephisto Walzer" it is enough to say that the music is worthy of Lenau's idea. Lenau lost his reason in 1844 after having written a wild version of Faust, which the writer of the analytical programme tells us he considered "as common property," and therefore a subject to exercise his wild imagination upon. Liszt's production is analogous to Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre," but wanting in the diabolical humour of that piece. To this followed the "Siegfried Idyl," indeed a poem for the orchestra. This symphonic poem, as it may be called, was written by Herr

Wagner in honour of Mme. Wagner's birthday, after the birth of her son Siegfried, and the completion of the opera of the same name. It consists of themes from the aforesaid opera, but stands as a completely independent composition. The rendering of it by Herr Richter's orchestra was as perfect as possible, as was shown by the way in which it was received by the audience at St. James's Hall. The concert concluded with a magnificent performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C, which was given with all the vigour and energy for which Herr Richter's orchestra is now famous.

The Richter Concert on Monday, May 30, was a singular example of the art of programme-making. It consisted of Mr. Stanford's psalm, "God is our hope and strength," Liszt's brilliant Concerto in E Flat, Haydn's pleasant Symphony in A Major, and the Overture to *Tannhäuser*—representing the modern ecclesiastical, the virtuoso-technical, our forefathers' methodical, and our own vehemently emotional types. All the works were excellent as representatives of their particular forms of art; but the forms themselves have no sufficient connexion to enable any one to appreciate the advantages of contrast. The Psalm, which is a comparatively early work of our distinguished composer, is the more remarkable on that score for its exceptional clearness of expression and the freedom and facility with which both orchestra and chorus are handled. The first chorus appears to have made the most favourable impression, as it probably deserves to, though there are remarkably happy and broad strokes in several other portions of the work; as, for instance, the gradual rise from the "ppp" to "fff" to the words "Be still then, and know that I am God," which prepares the return of the first phrase, "God is our hope and strength," as the commencement of the final chorus. The performance was, on the whole, admirable, though the singers of the chorus were sometimes inclined to take a more moderate view of the *tempi* than the conductor, and consequently lacked the spring and elasticity which should have rendered the interpretation perfect. The reception of the work was most satisfactory, and the composer had to appear to bow his acknowledgments.

After the Psalm there was a prolonged interval, no doubt to enable the audience to come round to a condition of mind congenial to Liszt—a procedure possibly excellent from this point of view, but likely to be trying to the executant. But, whether trying or not, Mr. Dannreuther was quite master of himself and of the occasion, and the force, clearness, and decision which he displayed would be difficult to surpass. The performance was on every side of the highest description, owing to the exceptional care and patience which had been bestowed on the rehearsal. After this, again, there was a prolonged interval to get into the mood for Haydn, which indeed is a leap of no little difficulty; and all Herr Richter's force and unflinching certainty of interpretation were quite needed to gain the appreciation which was due to work performed. It is in itself a most enjoyable description, and in some respects larger and fuller than many better known symphonies of the same master. Of the final item in this heterogeneous collection there is little to be said, except that it was as warmly received as ever, well known as it now is. The performance was excellent, and reflected the greatest credit upon the band as well as upon the conductor.

THE THEATRES.

IF *Twelfth Night* had not been performed by the Meiningen Company directly after *Julius Caesar*, it might have been difficult to avoid judging that the company had been somewhat overrated. Great stress has been laid on the Duke's steady opposition to the so-called star system; and yet the one scene of really first-rate excellence in *Julius Caesar* owed almost everything to Herr Barnay. The result, too, of putting really good performers into inferior parts is not likely to recommend the practice here. Nothing was gained by putting Fräulein Werner into the insignificant part of Lucius, except the loss of her services where they were very much wanted. Many of the inferior members of the company might have been trusted to act the servant of Octavius Caesar, if not as well as Fräulein v. Moser-Sperner, at least adequately. In the Saxe Meiningen company, as in others, really good actors are a minority, and they act different parts with very various degrees of sufficiency. It is noticeable, too, that all the performers in *Twelfth Night* had already appeared in *Julius Caesar*, except three or four.

Leaving aside for a moment the great scene of Mark Antony's speech, the rendering of *Julius Caesar* on Monday evening was, on the whole, satisfactory enough. Herr Barnay showed great power as Mark Antony, and the Cassius of Herr Teller was decidedly good; but none of the other actors rose above a very moderate level of merit. Their acting was distinctly stacy and their elocution monotonous. It suggested a lesson mechanically repeated after a master. The actors turned their backs to one another and spoke into the house; they took attitudes which had no meaning, and used gestures which had neither point nor originality. The few who showed any sign of having formed an individual conception of the characters they were representing gave no proof of very high taste or intelligence. Herr Kober went very near to making a mere buffoon of the "envious Casca." We have seldom seen a tender and beautiful scene more roughly given than that between Portia and Brutus. Caesar looked at Cassius as if he really did fear him, which

seems to us a decided mistake. The admirably drilled crowd has been much and justly praised, but in the earlier scenes it was used too freely. It was allowed to call off the attention of the audience from those who are carrying on the dramatic action of the tragedy. In the scene of Cæsar's murder it almost hid the conspirators, and was wholly out of place; none but senators should have seen the deed. Loafers, women, and children were not allowed to cover the floor of a Roman Curia. Cæsar, too, was slain with daggers, not swords; and if swords were to be used, they should not have been held like daggers.

At this point, however, the control of the play passed into the hands of Herr Barnay, and till the curtain fell on the third act the performance was really great. Herr Barnay's bearing when he joined the conspirators was that of a man who knows himself in the lion's den, and is conscious that nothing but perfect tact and self-possession can save his life. His suppressed grief and excitement were just sufficiently indicated, and passed into wild lament and rage when he is left alone without any appearance of violence in the transition. The hopes raised by his acting in this scene were fulfilled when he speaks from the rostrum, and lashes the mob into fury from the side of Cæsar's corpse. A large part of the effect produced by this really magnificent scene is due to the thorough drilling and intelligent use of the crowd. They are here very properly in the front throughout, and answer every appeal made to their passions by Antony's consummate oratory, as a fine instrument does the touch of the musician. But it is the player who makes the music, after all. Herr Barnay might have suffered from the want of so good a crowd; but what would even the Saxe Meiningen crowd have been without Herr Barnay? There would have been nothing to justify its tears or rage; as it was, the actor dominated it at its wildest moments.

Although no one particular passage of *Twelfth Night* reached the same level of excellence as this, it was far better played than *Julius Cæsar* as a whole. The actors who had appeared below the level of the tragedy showed to greater advantage in the comedy. Herr Nesper, who had been a poor Brutus, made a well-bred and picturesque Orsino. Antonio was much more within Herr Richard's powers than Julius Cæsar. Those who had been lost in the crowded scene of Monday night filled greater parts in *Twelfth Night*, if not with any striking originality or power, at least with spirit and grace. To this there is, however, one exception. Sir Andrew Aguecheek—here rechristened Christoph, for what reason we do not know—was taken by Herr Görner, the Cinna the poet of the previous night. The rendering of the character given us by Herr Görner must be allowed to have the merit of being consistent with itself; unfortunately it is based on a wholly wrong conception. Sir Andrew is own brother to Slender—he is timid, hanging on to Sir Toby Belch, and feebly imitating him, with a weak, intermittent sense of his own folly. Herr Görner gives us an impudent German Bursch, who pushes himself to the fore everywhere, and giggles with an idiotic self-satisfaction. He is frequently funny, but it is not the right sort of fun. In spite of this exception, however, the honours of the evening were won by the purely comic characters. At first Herr Puckert's Malvolio and Herr Teller's Clown seemed to suffer from the same failing as Herr Görner's Sir Andrew. The Jester was too conscious of his own wit, too much a mischievous sprite. Malvolio was too old and ridiculous. He looked like a disappointed and bilious schoolmaster. But both improved vastly as the piece went on. Malvolio was admirably ludicrous, with a very proper touch of pathos, in the famous garden scene, and the Clown threw himself into the tormenting of his enemy with a zest that was catching. Herr Teller's performance gives a high opinion of the versatility of the actor who had been seen the night before as the grim Cassius. His delivery of "When that I was and a little tiny boy," was especially fine. Herr Hassel's Sir Toby Belch was thought out to the last detail, and given with a fat comicality which causes a laugh in the mere remembrance. But the most brilliant of all this merry crew was undoubtedly Fräulein v. Moser-Sperner. Her Maria inspired and directed the persecution of her natural enemy with an intensity of enjoyment, and triumphed over his misfortunes with a spontaneity of laughter befitting the ideal type of all waiting-women.

The finer and more highly-bred comedy of Olivia and Viola was delicately rendered by Fräulein Bauer and Fräulein Werner. The former looked beautiful and refined, as her part requires; and, if the latter was unduly light and boyish in the very difficult first scene with Olivia, she grew stronger as the piece went on. The stage arrangements were good and intelligent, going carefully into such comparatively trifling details as making Sir Toby and Sebastian (who was marvellously like Viola) engage in the correct sixteenth-century style with rapier and dagger. Altogether, although the patience of the audience was severely tried by the number and the length of the waits, it left with the pleasant sense of having seen perhaps the most brilliant of all comedies most brilliantly acted.

A certain school of dramatic critics have lately been vigorously preaching the doctrine that the plot and the making of a good "curtain" are all the law and the prophets of dramatic literature. The new and original domestic comedy at the Vaudeville has apparently been constructed with a strict regard to this principle. There is nothing new in the characters, unless it is the new name of a very old friend, and there is absolutely nothing original in the dialogue; but the play has a plot, and the second act ends

with a most effective situation. Professor Mistletoe, a puppet-show proprietor, has adopted a daughter, Alice Merton, and educated her out of his savings like a lady. With a very respectable pride, Alice refuses to be a burden on her guardian, and obtains a place as companion in the house of a Mr. Fotheringay Trevanion, a wealthy man of business, with great pretensions and a plentiful lack of breeding. Alice tells the Professor of her engagement in the presence of a Dr. Lattimer, who is a friend of the Trevanions, and immediately drops hints about seeing his way to his revenge. His revenge turns out to be very tame. It is simply this—that Arthur Dalton, Trevanion's stepson, should fall in love with Alice instead of with Trevanion's rich ward, Lydia Penrith. All happens according to the wishes of the Doctor, whose motive for wishing to revenge himself is that Mrs. Trevanion had jilted him a generation ago. Alice and Arthur do fall in love, and the natural complications result. The Trevanions discover the secret just when the Professor has been brought into the house by Dr. Lattimer. Of course a violent scene follows, in the course of which the puppet-show man recognizes Trevanion as the brother from whom he had parted, years ago, at the door of the charity school in which they had been brought up. In the third act all is made right by approved old methods. The upstart Trevanion is ruined, and compelled to beg help from his humble brother—a letter arrives at the right moment, and everything ends happily.

The characters of such a piece as this are not expected to possess much probability; it is enough if they follow certain stock types—and the *dramatis personæ* of *Punch* are very familiar figures indeed. There is the comic, but pathetic, Professor whose original is to be found in any of the stories of Dickens. A certain force and interest is given to him by the really fine acting of Mr. James, who has learnt not to overdo such parts by a long familiarity with them. But we doubt whether even his acting will compensate for the total want of novelty. The other characters are either so uninteresting or so unnatural that no acting can make them endurable. But everything was done for them that acting could do by the whole company. The dialogue becomes tedious by mere force of striving after smartness. It is full of efforts after fun introduced at pathetic moments, and puns which have not always humour in the sound and never in the sense. The pathos is of that lachrymose kind which makes the audience welcome a little callous brutality.

Coralie, the version of M. Delpié's *Le Fils de Coralie* given at the St. James's, is a species of *Forget Me Not*, with a suffering and repentant heroine. The dramatic motive of the play is the struggle of an unhappy woman with an infamous past, to secure for her son the happiness which she has deprived herself of any chance of enjoying. This son, Captain Mainwaring, who passes as her nephew, is an officer who has distinguished himself early. When the play opens we find him just engaged to the daughter of a country gentleman, a Mr. Meryon. Although the young lady is very favourable to her suitor, the marriage has not been arranged without difficulty, for Captain Mainwaring knows this much of his birth, that he is illegitimate, and it is only by the strenuous exertions of the romantic Miss Meryon, the aunt of his future wife, that he has gained his object. At this moment Coralie herself appears on the scene as Mrs. Travers, and is warmly welcomed. But among the guests at Mrs. Meryon's house is a Mr. Kelson-Derrick, one of her former victims, who is also a suitor for the hand of Mabel Meryon. Of course Coralie is recognized. From this point to the end of the third act the action of the play consists in her efforts to keep the truth hidden, above all from her son. She has good reason to fear him; for, when Derrick, resolved to get at the truth, describes Coralie with very dubious taste before the whole party, Captain Mainwaring has spoken of such women with loathing. Derrick, who is a man of honour, is induced by his unwillingness to cause suffering to keep the secret, but it is soon learnt by another. This is the family lawyer Critchell, who is put on the track during the drawing up of the marriage contract. He clears up the mystery by the help of a rather ignoble lie, and then the marriage is broken off. The difficulty of the position here proves too much for the dramatist, and, finding his own knot too difficult to untie, he cuts it. Critchell, who has caused all the trouble, induces Mr. Meryon to allow the marriage to go on, and Coralie disappears into a convent.

The piece, though disfigured by a good deal of tinsel sentiment, is undoubtedly interesting, and it is admirably played. Mr. Hare made an excellent family lawyer, and Mr. Clayton as Kelson-Derrick looked like a man of the world. As Sir Jonas Meryon, Mr. Wenman played a weak and foolish old man with much delicacy. In the scene where he has to inform Captain Mainwaring that the marriage is broken off, he gave a touching rendering of the struggle between the old man's innate good breeding and his weak wish to shirk a difficulty. Miss Emery and Mr. Kendal made a very charming pair of lovers. If we allow that such a woman as Coralie could entirely cast off her past life, the acting of Mrs. Kendal was admirable. Her interpretation of the heroine's struggling and suffering and shame was full of power, particularly in the scene with Critchell, when she is suddenly brought to the lowest depth of degradation just as success seemed sure.

As far as the afternoon performance of *Much Ado about Nothing* was intended to give an opportunity of judging of the powers of Mlle. Rhea, it does not offer much matter for criticism. Whatever the qualities of the actress may be in less exacting parts than Beatrice, and when acting in a language which she can speak

without a marked accent, she has been ill advised in venturing to appear before an English audience in such a character. She has a fine presence, an easy, self-possessed carriage, and a good, well-trained voice; but these qualities are not sufficient for the rendering of Beatrice, and Mlle. Rhea shows nothing beyond them. When she calls on Benedick to avenge Hero, there is no sign of the fire and dignity which should be shown at such a moment by such a woman. Mr. Henry Neville as Benedick only availed himself of the advantage of acting in his own language to interpret his part worse than Mlle. Rhea. His Benedick is an exuberant schoolboy, and as little as possible of a soldier or a courtier. The other parts were more completely filled; but all the actors showed, as was perhaps only natural, a want of study of their parts. Mr. Anson's Dogberry and Mr. Calhaem's Vorges were the only exceptions. They were played in a manner to make us wish to see them again in a more carefully prepared performance and more worthily supported. It is to be hoped that this will be the last of the attempts made by foreigners to act in our language, at least before they have mastered it. It is unreasonable to expect us to listen while passages we are familiar with as models of style are delivered with their cadence spoiled and their meaning often lost.

The performance of *Herne the Hunted* at the Gaiety last week was a really remarkable piece of amateur acting. But for the name of Mr. Reece as *collaborateur* we should have said it was also a piece of amateur writing. Perhaps it was wise not to depart too far from well-known lines. The good old burlesque is easier and better followed by an audience which comes to laugh rather than to be critical; and it is easier to laugh at good amateur fooling than at the professional thing, because we all secretly believe that a clown is born to his clownery, whereas the amateurs are followers of serious pursuits. Great praise must be awarded to the company of *Herne the Hunted*. Not only were individual parts sustained with extraordinary spirit and enthusiasm, but the grouping, the readiness and absence of confusion with which most complicated scenes were performed, spoke of long and careful rehearsal. The performance of Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley as Sir Thomas Wyatt was, on the whole, the most remarkable part of the entertainment. His acting was quiet, easy, and always kept in hand; he delivered his words without effort, and made the most of his points; and he astonished those who were ignorant of the full measure of his accomplishments by dancing like a very Vokes.

REVIEWS.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.*

MR. HITCHMAN has given us in this bulky volume eleven studies or essays. We have not read them all, for a somewhat careful examination of the first and third has convinced us that he has set up as a teacher of others on a very scanty stock of knowledge. Nay, we will even go further, and say that we have not come across a single fact or a single piece of criticism to repay us for the trouble of reading the eighty or ninety pages through which we have gone. He has, we should imagine, but very lately made the discovery that an eighteenth century must, in the very nature of things, have gone before the nineteenth, and that it must have had a literature of its own. Full of ardour, he has hastily read up all the latest authorities on the subject; and, in a generous spirit, has resolved not to keep to himself the good things that he has found. He is like a cistern in which the escape-pipe should be put at so low a level that it would begin to flow a very few minutes after the supply-pipe had been turned on. Like some others of the brethren of his craft, he is not so careful as might be desired in acknowledging the sources of much of his information. He does even worse than this, for he borrows and at the same time he abuses his creditor. It is not too much to say that his essays on Wilkes and Churchill would have been something very different from what they are now, had it not been the case that long before he began his studies Mr. John Forster had completed his. Yet he thus writes of that eminent author:—"Mr. Forster, in his *Life of Churchill*, has chosen to say some very harsh things of Wilkes, and on no occasion has he expended more bitterness than in dealing with his hunt after promotion." He accuses him, moreover, of having "the desire to exalt the poet at the expense of his allies." We shall, before we conclude, examine Mr. Hitchman's defence of Wilkes; but for the present we must make clear the extent of his obligations to the author whom he thus severely criticizes. We had not read three pages of his book before we felt sure that he was borrowing from somebody. He is describing Wilkes's "admirable social qualities," and he brings forward Johnson as a witness to them. He thus goes on:—"His name," said that great moralist, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." Now here was a misquotation from Boswell; but how, we asked ourselves, had Mr. Hitchman fallen into it? Johnson had really said, "Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes, we should think more highly of his conversation. . . . But after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in

his company." It was Mr. Forster, as we soon found out, who had first carelessly misquoted Boswell, and Mr. Hitchman, as can be established beyond a doubt, had fallen into the same blunder through borrowing from him. It so happens that in his essay on Churchill he again quotes the saying of "the great moralist," but he quotes him and Mr. Forster also at greater length. By placing the passages in parallel columns we shall be able to make clear to our readers the extent of his obligations to the author whom he has so ungraciously censured:—

MR. HITCHMAN.

"His name," said that great moralist, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." Lord Mansfield, who had little reason to love him, declared that "Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew" (p. 3).

He conquered even the staid and prejudiced Johnson. "His name," says the latter, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity"; adding, in less stilted but more happy phrase, "Jack has great variety of talk; Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." . . . Thus qualified, and having constantly upon his lips the loudest professions of love for truth, right, and justice, it can be no matter for surprise that he should have fascinated Churchill. But beyond his personal qualifications, the sympathies of the poet were naturally dignified and honourable; he believed that the struggle in which Wilkes was engaged was one of right against might, of freedom against oppression, of the rights and liberties of Englishmen against Scottish and German tyrants (p. 116).

The reader will have noticed how Mr. Hitchman has expanded four words of Mr. Forster's. "More naturally, he added," has been swollen out into "adding, in less stilted but more happy phrase." Curiously enough, there was no addition at all; for, as any one would have seen who had taken the trouble to turn to Boswell, what was "more naturally said" came before and not after the "stilted phrase."

To show, however, the full extent of Mr. Hitchman's indebtedness to Mr. Forster we must venture to trouble our readers with parallel extracts of some length. Both authors are describing the sudden change which came over Churchill as soon as he became famous:—

MR. HITCHMAN.

From this time forward the manner of Churchill's life was changed. He threw off the sober garb of his clerical profession, and appeared about town, "dressed," says a contemporary writer, "in a blue coat with gold buttons, lace and ruffles." Pearce, Dean of Westminster, the "dull dean" of a later satire, offered a remonstrance on one or two occasions, but was met with indifference and even contempt. The parishioners of St. John's expostulated with more effect, and the poet resigned his cure in that parish. Quarrels and extravagances, equal on both sides, had long before separated him from his wife; but he now put an end to her complaints by settling a liberal allowance upon her. . . . "The stings and arrows of an avenging conscience" could not, however, be altogether turned aside. The autumn of the year whose spring had witnessed the publication of the "*Rosciad*," saw the author's third work, "*Night*." Here with a kind of railing sadness he disclaims any intention of braving the opinion of the world, but intimates his earnest desire of escaping from it. It is easy indeed to see how his soul, worn by conscience, loved any sorrow rather than its own, and sought relief in the consolations of friendship beneath the veil of that night which "heals or hides our care" (pp. 113-114).

MR. FORSTER.

He stripped off his clerical dress by way of parting with his last disguise, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat and ruffles. Dean Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, remonstrated with him. He replied that he was not conscious of deserving censure. . . . The "dull dean's" third remonstrance as to dress met with the same fate; and it was not until the St. John's parishioners themselves took the matter in hand, a few months later, that Churchill resigned the lectureship of that parish. . . . The complainings of his wife were ended when his own poverty was ended, by the generous allowance he set aside for her support. . . . It was not possible with such a man as this, that any mad dissipation or indulgence, however countenanced by the uses of the time, could wear away his sense of its unworthiness, or entirely silence remorse and self-reproach. Nor is it clear that Churchill's heart was ever half so much with the scenes of gaiety into which he is now said to have recklessly entered as with the friend by whose side he entered them. It is indeed mournfully confessed, in the opening of the epistle to that friend which was his third effort in poetry, that it was to heal or hide their care they frequently met; that not to defy, but to escape the world was too often their desire; and that the reason was at all times but too strong with each of them to seek in the other's society a refuge from himself."—*Mr. Forster's Essay on Churchill*, p. 240.

It would be easy to extend our parallels were there any need, but we have established our case, and we will take pity on our readers. We will now consider some of Mr. Hitchman's statements, without troubling ourselves whether they are borrowed

* *Eighteenth Century Studies*. Essays. By Francis Hitchman, Author of "*The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield*," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

or his own. He sets up, as we have said, as a champion of John Wilkes. That great patriot is, it seems,

known to posterity rather by the satire of his caricaturist than by the record of his love for liberty, or the tradition of his fight against faction. . . . His very vices have been exaggerated. He has been accused of being unchaste, a drunkard, and a hunter after popularity. . . . Of his triumphs nothing has been said, chiefly because those who have written about him have regarded him from a standpoint of antagonism. . . . Of his real tenderness of heart numberless incidents are narrated. . . . He is, unfortunately with too good reason, suspected of occasional insincerity.

Among those who have thus done Wilkes injustice, his champion Mr. Hitchman unfortunately must be placed. By the time that he comes to write his "study" of Churchill, he has forgotten how good a man Wilkes was. There we read that he was a demagogue untroubled with scruples, and of a shallow and selfish nature; a man, moreover, who was a partaker in the vilest orgies of Medmenham Abbey. To apply to Mr. Hitchman his own words, "At the best this is ungrateful. We enjoy the fruit of his labours, and vituperate the man who planted the tree." However ill we judge of Wilkes—and very ill, indeed, we do judge—we scarcely need go beyond Mr. Hitchman for proper words of condemnation. We are content with saying that Wilkes was a demagogue of a shallow and selfish nature, untroubled with scruples, and given to indulge in the vilest orgies. It is, however, absurd to maintain that Wilkes's character is not understood. He rendered great and lasting services to his country, for which he does not deserve one farthing's worth of gratitude. We venture to say that, so far from his being underestimated at the present day, he is very much overestimated. That pleasant manner, and that wit which overcame Johnson and Mansfield, have overcome those who are in even a slight degree acquainted with the literature of the last century. The famous dinner at the house of the Messrs. Dilly in the Poultry has done more to whitewash his memory than a host of apologists could have effected, even if they had been headed by Mr. Froude and had had Mr. Hitchman to bring up their rear. The struggles in which he was engaged against the encroaching power both of the Crown and the House of Parliament are told in every History of England, though, for all we know, they have only lately reached the ears of Mr. Hitchman. It is, however, sometimes forgotten that beneath a pleasant manner lurked the meanest and most selfish heart, and that the patriot at any moment was ready to strip off his mask and become the place-man. But a few short months after he had fought the battle of general warrants, while he was an outlaw in France, he wrote to solicit the post of Ambassador to Constantinople. "If," he said, "Government means peace or friendship with me . . . I then breathe no longer hostility. And between ourselves, if they would send me Ambassador to Constantinople, it is all I should wish. . . . If I stay at Paris, I will not be forgot in England; for I will feed the papers, from time to time, with gall and vinegar against the Administration."

To prove Wilkes's real tenderness of heart Mr. Hitchman tells us that when his gardener wanted to shoot the blackbirds which ate his cherries, he said, "Poor birds! they are welcome." He does not tell us—perhaps he does not know—how cruelly he deceived his two daughters. He lived to the last in grand style, keeping up no less than three houses. He had, shortly before his death, assured his children that they would find a considerable balance at his bankers. He drew up a very proper will by which he made not only a suitable provision for them, but left legacies to other deserving people. Unfortunately it was found that his property did not amount "to one-fifth part of the few moderate legacies which he bequeathed." The friend who broke to his daughters the melancholy news of the state in which they were left, wrote "how irreconcilable to the language which he expressed not long before his death—both to the excellent Miss Wilkes, to Mrs. Arnold, and to Miss Harriet." Wilkes was beyond doubt an utterly worthless man, whose interest it more than once served to fight on the side of liberty. He was, however, a mercenary soldier who would at any time have deserted his colours and gone over to the other side, had it been made worth his while.

We must pass on to one or two other matters in Mr. Hitchman's book. In writing of the time at which Wilkes entered public life, he says, "the race of giants had, indeed, died out, and in its stead a brood of pigmies had come in." Among the pigmies was, however, the "great Commoner," under whom England entered on her long roll of conquests in the very year in which Wilkes entered Parliament. But we cannot look for much knowledge of those times in an author who, in writing of the reign of George II., speaks of the Liberal party, who describes a journal as being under "the editorial care" of Arthur Murphy, and who joining Smollett with Mallet calls them "these worthies." In a quotation from the *North Briton* he makes Wilkes say that the King of Russia (*sic*) dictated as conqueror every article of the terms of peace. This is a trifling error compared with the wonderful statement, on which we happened to light in a later essay, that it was Louis XVIII. who was the unfortunate sovereign who was murdered in the French Revolution. Compared with such errors as these, what does it matter that our author says that, "for the purpose of reporting for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Johnson sat for so many nights in the Strangers' Gallery of the House?" We are not aware that Johnson was ever present, even one single night. How he composed his debates is so well known that it is not worth while, for the sake of showing Mr. Hitchman his blunder, to stop to explain. He quotes on this subject a long note from Mr.

Croker, as if Mr. Croker's *Boswell* were some rare book. Had he quoted it, as he might very properly have done, to show that Mr. Croker blundered, he would have been more than justified. But he knows no more of the subject than any chance reader. In describing how the *Rosciad* drove Davies off the stage and into the trade of a bookseller, he says, "it was in his shop that Johnson afterwards beat Miller, the publisher of his Dictionary." We wish that he had given us his authority for this statement. Millar, not Miller, was called by Johnson "the Mæcenas of the age." "I respect Millar," he said, on another occasion; "he has raised the price of literature." It is scarcely likely that he first beat Mæcenas and then praised him. He certainly did beat Osborne the bookseller, but not in any shop. Mr. Hitchman quotes Wilkes's inscription to Churchill, and by his punctuation, as will be seen, turns the Latin into nonsense. "Carolo Churchill, amico jucundo, poetæ acri, civi optimo, de patriâ merito, p. Johanes Wilkes, 1765." Can it be that he mistakes *optimus* for an adjective that is in agreement with *civi*? In writing of Miss Wilkes he says, "She is described as having been a woman of remarkable abilities and of the highest attainments. The esteem in which she was held by her father, her own letters, and the universal testimony of her friends, bear out this character to the fullest extent." We would fain believe, for the sake of Mr. Hitchman's understanding, that he has not read a single one of her letters. He is merely repeating, with a slight change of words, the statement of a book-maker, who, had he compiled now, would be a disgrace even to this age. We know no more miserable production than Almon's *Life and Correspondence of Wilkes*. That worthless compiler, by printing all the trash on which he could lay hands that in any way was connected with his hero, managed to make five volumes when he had scarcely materials enough for one. Among other papers, he printed Miss Wilkes's letters to her "Ever-dear Papa." The following passage, which we take at random, is a fair specimen of these productions:—"I am happy to find that your health has not suffered, as I feared it might, by such inauspicious weather; and I flatter myself the accounts will be more favourable in every succeeding letter; but I cannot divest myself of considerable anxiety. I had the favour of yours of Sunday on the following day; a regularity I heartily wish may continue. I am glad you have plenty of strawberries, and that Trusty is a constant attendant, as becomes his species and his name." It is letters such as this that, according to Mr. Hitchman, bear out to the fullest extent the writer's character as a woman of remarkable abilities and of the highest attainments. We read—or, at all events, tried to read—these letters some years ago. Let him try to read them now. If out of them he can find half-a-dozen lines that bear out his statement, we will gladly own that he has, by his studies, done something to increase the knowledge that the world already possessed of the eighteenth century.

AMAT.*

THOSE who might imagine from the title of this novel that it contained a simple love tale unmarked by incidents, would be disappointed. Amat is an imaginary Scotch peer, who has a baronial mansion in the north of Scotland, with lochs, grouse moors, deer forests, faithful henchmen, and devoted foster-brothers. The commonest acquaintance with the peerage and with the practice of novelists who cast about for suitable names would justify us in identifying Lord Amat with the owner of a Highland castle in Inverness-shire, and the head of a well-known Highland family that figured in the '45. But Lord Amat is by no means the hero or principal character in the tale. The story commences with a trip to the North, undertaken by four young fellows, "whose quiet gentlemanly air and manly bearing stamps them as soldiers of the best type." These are Charlie Grant, the "Master" of Amat, Ian Macdonald, Fergus Cameron, and Ronald Elliot; and they belong to the Red Highlanders, which we take to be the author's "transliteration" of the Black Watch. They have a month's leave, and are determined to make the most of it. The female and other elements in a story which otherwise would at once sink to the level of an article in a sporting magazine are provided by Mrs. Beauchamp, her husband the General, and her daughter Clarice; Colonel Trevor and Eila his daughter; and Lady Alice Campbell, a professional match-maker, and her daughters Olive and Julia. The plot is simple enough. Every young man chooses, or appears to choose, a partner. The young Master of Amat falls in love with Clarice Beauchamp; Ronald Elliot is paired with Eila Trevor, Fergus with Olive, and Julia with Ian Macdonald. The enjoyment of a large party in the Islands—slightly spoiled at first by the mishap of Charlie Grant, who falls overboard in a yachting excursion to be rescued by a clansman—is marred and abruptly ended by the alarming illness of Lady Amat and by the departure of the four officers summoned to take part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. In Bengal, when they get there, they go through the usual adventures, and are present at the taking of Lucknow under "Sir Colin," attacks on mud forts in Oudh, encounters with infuriated Ghazees, and operations in the Terai against the adherents of the Nana. In the course of these exciting episodes Ian Macdonald is shot while gallantly defending a post against overwhelming odds; Charlie Grant is severely cut about and nearly

* *Amat*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

dies of fever; Fergus Cameron loses one arm, crushed by the jaws of a wounded tiger; and Ronald Elliot gains the Victoria Cross, and barely escapes with his life. These stirring scenes are obviously insufficient to create the requisite uncertainty and suspense. It is absolutely necessary to introduce a villain into the tale; and the individual selected for this object is a certain unscrupulous and handsome Colonel Archibald Campbell, who, while Charlie Grant is exposed to rebels and a hot sun, makes love to Clarice Beauchamp in an English country house, and, as Byron said of Scott's Marmion, turns out to be not quite a felon yet but half a knight. This good-looking and dissolute Colonel makes up to Clarice Beauchamp, poisons her mind, and resorts to the incredible meanness of intercepting her Indian letters to the young Master of Amat. This is partly effected by the aid of a certain Adele, a daughter of a French officer who received his death wound at the Malakoff. This unfortunate girl, who, as we are pretty plainly told, has been ruined by the good-for-nothing Archie, finds herself an inmate of his mother Lady Alice's family, and lends herself to the interception of the letters. The result of this on Charlie Grant's happiness and fidelity may be easily conceived. Hearing nothing from his betrothed, and yet anxiously awaiting the English mails, his suspicions and jealousies are excited by dark hints and fragmentary information extracted from the correspondence of his friends; and just at this moment he is tenderly nursed by a "Cousin Amy," whose husband, Colonel Gardenne, had perished when shut up in Lucknow. Ancient connexion, indignation at the silence of Clarice, and perilous proximity to a pretty and attractive widow lead, as might be expected, to something very like an engagement; and we had some doubt whether Clarice Beauchamp was doomed to die a premature death or to become the hapless prey of the villain Archie Campbell. But it is Amy and not Clarice, whom the novelist selects for destruction. The *Kandy*, a fine P. and O. steamer, in which Charlie and Amy have embarked for England, is wrecked on the Laccadives; and the shipwreck and shock have such an effect upon the poor widow that she disappears out of the porthole of a small steamer which had taken off the passengers of the *Kandy* from the coral-reef and the cocoa-nut groves of Minicoy, or whatever island may have been intended. Charlie's way to reconciliation with Clarice is further simplified by the repentance of poor Adele, who is dying of consumption in Paris, and who has just enough of life and conscience left to enlighten Charlie Grant on the subject of the missing letters. After her death, Colonel Campbell, who fifty years ago must inevitably have been shot by a friend of the Amat family or else run through the body by some French chasseur or relative of Adele, sells out of the army, joins the Church of Rome, and, as Macaulay said of an old English dramatist, is converted from a good-for-nothing Protestant into a good-for-nothing Roman Catholic. It is almost needless to add that the Master of Amat is married to the appeased and careworn Clarice, and that Eila Trevor is united to the bronzed and black-bearded Ronald Elliot. Julia and Olive Campbell, as befitting the sisters of a scamp and the daughters of a worldly and match-making woman, get no husbands at all, but betake themselves to the Black Forest, where one or other of them may possibly be comforted by the re-appearance of an Austrian *attaché* with blue eyes, who is dimly alluded to in one of the opening chapters.

In this novel, of which the above is a correct epitome, there is nothing absolutely incredible, inconsistent with life in a country house or in an Indian cantonment, or even unprecedentedly sensational. Doubtless the author has seen active service in the Crimea, Oudh, Rohilcund, and elsewhere; he probably can catch a salmon, shoot grouse in a windy drive on one *Ben* something, stalk a noble stag on another, and play his part in a social gathering at country houses. But all this does not make him a novelist, nor must he delude himself into the idea that he can gauge or portray character. Indeed, his young men and women are absolutely colourless. With the exception of the arch villain of the story, and a certain Mr. Fletcher, humorously called "the Weasel" by his intimates, there is not in any one the smallest shade of distinction. There is scarcely any one speech which might not suit Eila Trevor as well as Clarice, nor a sentiment which Ronald could not exchange with Charlie, without the reader detecting it. The girls are dark-eyed and darkly handsome; their laughter has a gentle ripple; their faces flush vehemently and then grow deadly pale; and they weep, blush, throw themselves into each other's arms, and display wavy hair, queenly heads, flashing eyes, Grecian costumes, and matchless symmetry of form in the most correct style. Similarly, the young officers are invariably brave, stalwart, high-born, and high-bred; they enjoy life, and welcome a rough campaign as a pleasant distraction from monotonous enjoyment; suffer and die with something like heroism, and survive wounds and fevers by dint of sheer pluck. But there is no one individual trait in their conversation and characters which the reader could carry away, or which might not be put equally well into the mouths of a dozen similar lay figures. Then they interlard their speeches distressingly with bits of foreign languages—French, German, and Italian; and had not their sojourn in India been a mere episode, we might have been deluged besides with questionable Hindustani and Persian. Ach Himmel, madre mia, bellissima, par exemple, cela dépend, presto, mon cœur, chéri, coûte que coûte, and other tags, suggest that the author has lately attended some competitive examination, and has stolen a few of the scraps. *De absentis nil nisi bonum* would have produced unpleasant consequences in the days of Dr. Keate. To make a lady talk about polyandry—which is done twice—is scarcely

decent and is not at all suited to the stamp of *Vere de Vere*. Almost always, too, in the various love scenes and other exciting passages the men have decidedly the best of it. The girls, poor things, even when they do not blurt out their loves plainly, are at no pains to disguise them, and are too ready to throw the handkerchief.

If incidents could atone for want of insight into character, or inability to invest each separate red coat and uniform, mantilla or cloak, with something like distinct individuality, there would be little cause of complaint. Perilous escapes and horrifying catastrophes abound even before we get up to mutineers and mud forts, reckless Ghazees and first-rate *Shikari* elephants. Charlie Grant, as we have already intimated, no sooner arrives at his father's castle than he is swept off the deck of his yacht by the swinging of the boom. This only serves to show how old Hamish the clansman can do battle with the tide. Blankets and stone bottles are called into requisition, and a convenient steamer comes alongside with a doctor on board, who speedily brings back the half-drowned yachtsman to life. In a deer stalk Fergus Cameron makes such a wonderful shot with his rifle that a splendid old stag lying down in the heather, never even stirs a muscle after the ball strikes him. Clarice Beauchamp, in a run over what we take to be meant for the Essex ploughlands, as the account is crammed with Essex names, rolls into a ditch with her horse Alma. Either the name or the sex should have been changed, and we are left for several pages in agonizing suspense, while the sagacious animal is fed with sugar and coaxed, and Miss Beauchamp is gradually extricated from her perilous position, and a gun is sent for from a farmhouse to shoot the horse, but happily is not needed. A tiger hunt in the Terai is very fairly described, with its line of elephants and grass jungle and pools swarming with every kind of game, from snipe and jungle-fowl to the *sambur* and the tiger. One of these latter animals fastens on the head of a first-class elephant, which goes on its knees to shake off the assailant, but only manages to pitch the occupants of the howdah almost on to the tiger's back. It is in this struggle that Fergus loses an arm, and the comic boy of the party, nicknamed the "Weasel," has all the breath knocked out of his body by an expiring kick of the tiger, and lies for two or three days between life and death. The wreck of the *Kandy* on a sharp coral reef is doubtless borrowed from life; but we must remind the author that this sort of thing has been excellently dramatised by the late Mr. Tom Taylor in the play of the *Overland Route*, and that a certain Sir Octavius Copping returning home from high civil employ bears a suspicious likeness to one of the characters so happily represented a few years ago at the Haymarket. The run in Clayshire, too, suggests a comparison with the late Major Whyte-Melville and with a celebrated fox-hunt in one of Mr. Trollope's novels, and it is certainly not one to the disadvantage of those eminent writers. The introduction of Mrs. afterwards Lady, Copping is made the pretext for clearing up a needless piece of scandal affecting the wife of Sir Claude Elliot and the mother of Ronald. Sir Claude had disinherited this son from a mistaken belief in his first wife's infidelity, which, in some extraordinary way, was due to the mischievous action of Lady Copping, then Mrs. Fitzgerald. We can only say that towards the end of the third volume this lady's explanation about a spendthrift cousin who dies a pauper and an outcast in India, an ancient and faithful nurse, and a demand of somebody for money, leaves the original cause for jealousy almost in the mist and muddle where we first found it. Although in these and similar plots, a change of scene from the Highlands to the Crimea, to the Continent, or to Asia, is justified by the universal practice of novel-writers, we have rarely met so many abrupt transitions as in the second and third volumes. We are whisked away from Clayshire to the plains and hills of India, and back again to Town and the clubs in a manner which takes away the breath. We do not deny to the writer some amount of descriptive power; and we can certainly believe that he describes scenes which he has gone through as well as persons whom he has known. But a life alternating between active service and healthy enjoyment, between deer-stalking and facing Pandies and Russians, does not guarantee success in the field of fiction.

RHOADES'S GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.*

OF late years Virgil's works have been comparatively neglected by translators. Indeed, so far as we are aware, the only translation of any importance which has appeared since the publication of Professor Conington's posthumous works is Mr. Wilkins's prose version of the *Georgics*; and this, excellent as it is from the point of view of scholarship, and as a help to students, is too rigidly concise and literal to be of much interest to general readers. It may be doubted whether it is possible to turn the *Georgics* into acceptable English verse unless by following the example of Dryden, and entirely sacrificing accuracy to elegance. We may gather that this was Conington's opinion, from the fact that not even the brilliant success of his verse translation of the *Æneid* could tempt him to extend the experiment to the *Georgics*. His prose version of these poems is rather a commentary than a translation. Literary charm is neglected in the attempt to bring out, by means which are often clumsy, the full force, not merely of Virgil's words, but

* *The Georgics of Virgil*. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades, Assistant-Master at Sherborne School. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

of the order in which they are placed, a point often quite as important as the words themselves. Virgil, no doubt, gives more opportunities to the commentator than to the translator. Perhaps no poet—certainly no great poet—has ever trusted so much to expression and so little to the thing expressed; and hence it is that the charm of his writing is so liable to disappear in the transition from his own language to another. To express all his meaning is only possible by an amount of expansion which the slightness of the subject-matter will scarcely bear, and to express less than his meaning is to do him injustice greater still. When to this difficulty is added the uncongenial nature of the topics treated in the *Georgics*, which can only be rendered poetical by the exercise of consummate art, it is not to be wondered at that so many translators of the *Æneid* have left the *Georgics* untouched, and that, of those who have attempted the task, none have met with a full measure of success. Since the appearance of the “*Loves of the Triangles*” in the *Anti-Jacobin*, didactic poetry has not been held in much esteem in England; and it is perhaps only by the substitution of prose for verse that a Latin poem of the kind can be translated into English with the accuracy which modern criticism demands. But, from the point of view of very many readers, the preservation of the charm of metre is worth some slight sacrifice of exact scholarship, provided that the author’s meaning be strictly kept in view. In a verse translation, too, it is possible to a greater extent than in prose to throw light, as it were, upon the subject by the use of words and expressions sanctioned by the English poets, which, though they may not express the author’s meaning so exactly as a straightforward translation, have more power to bring it home to the reader, and to connect in his mind the writer of a bygone day and alien race with the literature and thought of his own country. The choice of each reader between the two styles of rendering will depend ultimately upon the question whether he is more in sympathy with the language and literature to which the original work belongs, or with that of the translation. While Latinists like Conington will be inclined to condemn anything which savours of extraneous ornament, the taste of persons of wider culture will incline to that version which is most truly English.

Mr. Rhoades’s work is to be welcomed because, though it falls short of the highest excellence, and is marred by certain blemishes to which we shall presently call attention, it is an effort, and, on the whole, a successful effort, to combine close fidelity to the original with poetical form and expression. Mr. Rhoades is evidently well read in English poetry, and his blank verse, though sometimes harsh and wanting in variety, is at least less monotonous and better suited to the subject than the rhyming heroics which, from Dryden’s day to the middle of the present century, were the recognized vehicle of translation. To test the translator’s powers of graceful rendering one turns naturally to the episode of Orpheus and Eurydice at the end of the Fourth *Georgic*. Parts of the story are very well done. We may quote the description of the loss of Eurydice to show Mr. Rhoades at his best:—

And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scatheless, and at length restored,
Eurydice to realms of upper air
Had well nigh won, behind him following—
So Proserpine had ruled it—when his heart
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized—
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.
For at the very threshold of the day,
Heedless, alas! and vanquished of resolve,
He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice
His own once more. But even with the look
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the mers of hell.

It will be seen by comparison with the original that this is a very close rendering, and the graphic effect of the lines

Restitit, Eurydicenque suam, jam luce sub ipsa,
Immemor, heu! victusque animi respectu

is well preserved.

If all Mr. Rhoades’s work were as good as this, there would be little but admiration to record. Unhappily, much that is otherwise praiseworthy is marred by affectations and tricks of style quite at variance with the simplicity and grace of the passage quoted above. The most irritating of these peculiarities is the constant use of alliteration. Mr. Rhoades’s love for this device is not merely unpleasant in itself, but occasionally leads him into clumsy and even inaccurate translation. Thus he renders “*solem rapidum*” by “the striding sun.” Now the epithet “*rapidus*” as applied to the sun seems always to indicate consuming heat, not swift movement, and even if the latter meaning be the true one in the present instance, “striding” does not seem to be a very happy description of the sun’s motion through the heavens. Again, the line

Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando

is translated

So thick a hail
In spiky showers spins rattling on the roof.

“Rattling on the roof” is well enough, and reproduces excellently the suggestive sound of Virgil’s line; but the effect is injured by the grotesqueness of the preceding words. “*Incipiat sulco attritus splendescere vomer*” is rendered “teach the furrow-burnished share to shine,” and “*Passim rivis currentia vina repressit*” becomes “Curbed the random rivers running wine.”

It will be readily allowed that any legitimate device for breaking the monotony of the narrative should be gladly welcomed in the

translation of a didactic poem, but the too frequent employment of one method goes far to increase the sameness which it is designed to avoid. Mr. Rhoades is particularly fond of the figure, familiar to schoolboys studying Latin verse composition, by which the thing spoken of is thrown into the second person and addressed by the poet. It should not be forgotten, however, that this figure is of far more common occurrence in Latin than in English poetry, and Mr. Rhoades’s use of it is certainly excessive. We have “Oh, for you plains,” “thy ridge, Vesuvius,” and so forth; and near the opening of the Third *Georgic* we find “thy flood, Cocytus,” “thy behest, Mæcenat,” “thy bounds, Taygete,” all within the space of ten lines. Nor is Mr. Rhoades always quite fortunate in the invention and use of compound words. “Undergliding,” which occurs in the translation of the line

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros,

and “besport,” are not, so far as we are aware, English words. “Wolf-kin” is an awkward rendering of “*genus luporum*.”

The earlier portion of the Third *Georgic* is, on the whole, the least satisfactory part of the work. In the descriptions of the horse, his development, and his training, Virgil himself has been sufficiently daring in his use of language, and any attempt at a close imitation of his bold figures could scarcely meet with anything better than at least partial failure. Mr. Rhoades does not seem to be helped out of his difficulties by a knowledge of horseflesh, which is here really necessary to a successful translation. “*Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus*” is poorly rendered, “his sprightly breast exuberant with brawn.” “*Gressus glomerare superbos*” is, we freely confess, difficult to translate, though the meaning is clear enough; the difficulty is certainly not solved by Mr. Rhoades’s line:—

And heap the tossing footsteps of his pride.

In the equally difficult phrase “*sinuatque alterna volumina crurum*” the translator is not more fortunate. Here is his version:—

now learn to ply
The sinuous alternations of his legs.

This comes very near to being nonsense, but, at the same time, the attempt to imitate closely Virgil’s most intricate expressions shows how much conscientious labour has been bestowed upon the work, and is preferable to the practice of shirking difficulties which is common among a large class of translators. Sometimes the desire to express the whole meaning of a phrase, or to give the full force of a tense, leads Mr. Rhoades to make too much of it. For instance, the line

Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes

is rendered

Ay, that’s the land whose boundless harvest-crops
Burst, see! the barns.

The interjection in the second line is no doubt employed to mark the sense of suddenness given by the use of the perfect, but the device is not very graceful; and, after all, the perfect here may very well have merely an aorist signification.

There are one or two slips in the matter of English which might with advantage be corrected in a future edition. We are left in doubt who “they” may be in the following passage:—

Of groves which India bears,
Ocean’s near neighbour, earth’s remotest nook,
Where not an arrow can outsoar in flight
Their skyey tree-tops; yet no laggards they
When girded with the quiver.

Obviously it must be either the groves or the “skyey tree-tops” which are no laggards when girded with the quiver. The ambiguity is the more needless as Virgil makes it perfectly clear who are meant:—

Et gens illa quidem non sumptis tarda sagittis.

The Third *Georgic* gives an example of the same kind. Describing the rage of mares at certain seasons, Virgil writes:—

Diffugiunt non, Eure, tuos neque Solis ad ortus
In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
Nascitur.

Here, of course, “diffugiunt” is connected closely with “in Boream Caurumque,” the intermediate words being parenthetical. Mr. Rhoades translates as follows:—

They scud,
Not towards thy rising, Eurus, or the Sun’s,
Boreas, or Caurus, or black Auster’s birth.

According to this account, they “scud” in no direction whatever, the whole horizon being closed against them. A careless mistake of a different kind is the translation of “*pingues tilie*” by “glue-bearing limes.” As glue is exclusively an animal product, “gum-bearing” would be a more appropriate epithet.

Absolute mistranslations are rare indeed; in such an author as Virgil there are countless passages where commentators differ, and though in some instances we do not entirely agree with Mr. Rhoades’s choice of interpretations, there is generally much to be said on both sides. In two cases, however, his version seems to be incorrect. In the advice given in the Third *Georgic* to cease using a horse when he has grown old and sluggish, the words “*nec turpi ignosce senectæ*” are translated “and spare his not inglorious age.” One or two commentators have, probably upon mistaken grounds of humanity, adopted this rendering, but it seems almost impossible that it can be correct. Apart from the extreme difficulty of getting such a meaning out of the Latin, the sentiment is not one which was likely to occur to Virgil, or to any other Roman of his day. The true meaning seems to be, “Nor excuse his worth-

lessness on the ground of age." In the reply of Proteus to Aristæus at the end of the Fourth Georgic the following passage occurs:—

Magna luis commissæ; tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
Haudquaquam ob meritum pœnas, ni fata resistant,
Suscitat.

Mr. Rhoades translates:—

Nor light the debt thou payest; 'tis Orpheus' self,
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his,
So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires.

Surely the words "haudquaquam ob meritum" refer, not to "miserabilis Orpheus," but to "pœnas." The elliptical nature of the construction makes the passage a difficult one to translate, and we have never yet seen it quite satisfactorily done into English. The best, or at any rate the clearest, rendering with which we are acquainted is to be found in M. Desportes's prose translation of the Georgics, a work which has many great merits, though conciseness is not one of them:—"Tu expies un grand crime, et ta peine est légère en comparaison; si les destins l'eussent permis, Orphée t'en aurait fait éprouver de plus cruelles." This is perhaps rather an explanatory paraphrase than a translation, but it is difficult to see how the meaning could have been fully expressed in fewer words.

In spite of the defects to which we have called attention, Mr. Rhoades's translation is a valuable contribution to Virgilian literature. Its merits lie not so much in brilliantly happy renderings of isolated words and expressions, as in the careful and well-sustained endeavour to put the full meaning of the original into good poetical English. We have already said that equal closeness is seldom attained in a verse translation. Perhaps we may add that it is seldom even attempted, and thus inconsistencies of method seem sometimes to arise from the fact that the writer has not quite settled the canons of translation in his own mind. Where grace and accuracy are incompatible, he shows a hesitation which the prose translator on the one hand and the free versifier on the other would lightly avoid, and he inclines sometimes to this side, sometimes to that. Uncertainty proceeding from this source, though it may interfere now and then with the unity of the work, will not lessen its interest for students of the art of translation, who will value it both for what it suggests and for what it achieves. It is to be hoped that this may not be Mr. Rhoades's last effort of the kind, and that his next work may deal with a subject in which absolute success is not so entirely out of reach. Meanwhile he is to be congratulated on the way in which he has acquitted himself of one of the most ambitious undertakings in the whole range of classical translation.

THE LIBRARY.*

THERE is an ancient drama the title of which is known to all students of English literature, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*. If a book in which Mr. Lang talks at large about books and book-collecting, in which Mr. Loftie puts in an *entre-filet* about manuscripts and manuscript collecting, and in which Mr. Austin Dobson brings up the rear with a chapter on the illustrations of the last century, be not a good book, then some irregular interference with the ordinary course of things on the part of a malevolent power has but too obviously taken place. The malevolent power, however, has in this instance abstained or has been driven off. The severe critic who "collars" every book, and asks it "How do you answer to your title?" can alone hope to find any handle for derogatory treatment in this little volume. Very little of it is devoted to matter-of-fact instructions as to how to fit up a library or to more matter-of-fact book-making about the libraries *du temps jadis*. Mr. Lang does indeed praise Messrs. Triebner's revolving book-cases (in which we agree with him), and he recommends leather fringes to bookshelves, in which we are not so sure that we agree. That they hide more dust than they keep out is the verdict of some persons; and the free play given by their absence to the feather brush—if you can get your servants to use it, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you cannot—more than compensates for such preventive checks as their presence supplies.

But the pages given to this sort of lore and to the mention of a mysterious library chair which would serve without reversing as a library step, and which was devised by the late Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, are but occasional condescensions on the part of Mr. Lang. The burden of his song is (to alter Eustache Deschamps and Grippeminaud slightly) "*Ça! des bouquins. Ça! des bouquins.*" His chapters make up an enthusiastic and eloquent defence of the bibliophile, the person who has been unkindly defined as he who loves a book for reasons which do not make it literature. It would be impossible to present the case of this notorious character with greater art, with a more lavish profusion of anecdote, with a skilfuler change of ground to new and ever new points of vantage, than Mr. Lang does. He declines to rest, as do many timid bibliophiles, on the ground (generally safe, but sometimes treacherous) that old books are much nicer as books than new. He is too cunning for that, and he knows how to avoid the attack of the cunning modern who asks why he is to

prefer an eye-blinding and somewhat grubby *elzevir* to one of M. Lemerre's virgin beauties, on *Whatman* or *papier de Hollande*, with ample margin and fair type. The insidious hater of book-loving youth who pretends "to encourage the art of his century" (we have known this pretentious phrase used by the culprit in question) will find Mr. Lang too slippery for him. He admits the excellence of these modern things, but his heart evidently turns to the things that are ancient. *Elzevirs* seem to be Mr. Lang's own special weakness, though there is a fine catholicity about him which contrasts nobly with the particularism of some of his brother book-maniacs. He can take an interest in a book because it has the inscription *Léon Gambetta, 1844*, especially if it happens to be a work of devotion. He indicates a variety of book sport, which, though dangerous, we can avouch from experience to be full of excitement, and which must fill the genuine book lover with vindictive satisfaction, though it is to be feared that his blood would rarely be cool enough to carry out the plot. You go to a sale-room, and if (as is too frequently the case) you find it to be a mere knock-out of dingy dealers who combine to run up any outsider, you encourage the pack up to the fair value of the book, and then stealthily desist from bidding, leaving the bidders to be bit. This, we repeat, can be done, but the sportsman must have himself well in hand. We should imagine that Mr. Lang was something of a *cœur volage* in respect of books, and indeed we are not sure that bibliophilism does not encourage this evil propensity. "As a man's tastes develop," he says, "his books put on a different aspect. He hardly knows the *Poems* and *Ballets* he used to declaim, and cannot recover the enigmatic charm of Sordello. Books change, like ourselves, like friends, like everything." Now we confess that we should say this is exactly what books do not do. "Fate is a sea without shore, but the book is a rock that abides," unless the book lover has, as we have suggested, pinned his faith to a passing charm either of rarity or bibliographic peculiarity. However, this is a point on which we may agree to differ with Mr. Lang. We can here give no idea of the wealth of anecdote on book collectors, bookbinders, book lovers, book stealers, which he has accumulated. Some pages about the "biblioklept" will not be new to diligent readers of the *Saturday Review*, but they will find them connected with much novel and pleasing matter. The unfortunate Spaniard who committed a foul murder, completed by arson, for the sake of a book which he discovered after all not to be unique; the eccentric Pixérécourt, about whom as many legends cluster as about Talleyrand or the Prince de Ligne, figure in Mr. Lang's gallery. He has a passage, dangerous but adroit, as to the opposition—a feminine opposition—which the book collector most frequently has to encounter, and as to which we must quote from him a delightful triplet of Mme. Fertiault's:—

Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage.
Puis-je désirer davantage ?
Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Heureuse de te voir joyeux,
Je t'en voudrais...tout un étage.
Le livre a ton esprit...tant mieux !
Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage.

Unfortunately they do desire "davantage," and are by no means satisfied to see their partners "joyeux." But this is tender ground.

Agreeably with the plan of his book, which is, as has been said, really a book about "des vieux boucs" (as we once heard M. Victor Hugo macaronically observe to a bookstall-keeper, to whose presumed ignorance of French he wished to condescend), Mr. Lang seldom diverges into actual literary criticism. There is, however, a charming passage about the *Hyperotomachia*, a book which for widely different reasons unites an earnest band of admirers:—

Among old illustrated books, the most famous, and one of the rarest, is the "*Hyperotomachia Poliphili*," wherein all human matters are proved to be no more than a dream." This is an allegorical romance, published in 1499, for Francesco Colonna, by Aldus Manutius. *Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna peramavit*. "Brother Francesco Colonna dearly loved Polia," is the inscription and device of this romance. Poor Francesco, of the order of preachers, disguised in this strange work his passion for a lady of uncertain name. Here is a translation of the passage in which the lady describes the beginning of his affection. "I was standing, as is the manner of women young and fair, at the window, or rather on the balcony, of my palace. My yellow hair, the charm of maidens, was floating round my shining shoulders. My locks were steeped in unguents that made them glitter like threads of gold, and they were slowly drying in the rays of the burning sun. A handmaid, happy in her task, was drawing a comb through my tresses, and surely these of Andromeda seemed not more lovely to Perseus, nor to Lucius the locks of Photis. On a sudden, Poliphilus beheld me, and could not withdraw from me his glances of fire, and even in that moment a ray of the sun of love was kindled in his heart."

The fragment is itself a picture from the world of the Renaissance. We watch the blonde, learned lady, dreaming of Perseus, and Lucius, Greek lovers of old time, while the sun gilds her yellow hair, and the young monk, passing below, sees and loves, and "falls into the deep waters of desire." The lover is no less learned than the lady, and there is a great deal of amorous archaeology in his account of his voyage to Cythera. As to the designs in wood, quaint in their vigorous effort to be classical, they have been attributed to Mantegna, to Bellini, and other artists. Jean Cousin is said to have executed the imitations, in the Paris editions of 1546, 1556, and 1561.

The "*Hyperotomachia*" seems to deserve notice, because it is the very type of the books that are dear to collectors, as distinct from the books that, in any shape, are for ever valuable to the world. A cheap Tauchnitz copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or a Globe Shakespeare, are, from the point of view of literature, worth a wilderness of "*Hyperotomachia*." But a clean copy of the "*Hyperotomachia*," especially on VELLUM, is one of the jewels of bibliography. It has all the right qualities; it is very rare, it is very beautiful as a work of art, it is curious and even *bizarre*, it is the record of a strange time, and a strange passion; it is a relic, lastly, of its printer, the great and good Aldus Manutius.

* *The Library*. By A. Lang. With a Chapter on Modern Illustrated English Books by Austin Dobson. "Art at Home" Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

We could break a lance with Mr. Lang about the Tauchnitz Iliad; but no matter. The truth about *The Library* is that it is not so much one to be reviewed as one to be read. It is a little desultory, and the desultoriness is clearly designed. But no one who, whether as a book lover of the kind who would prefer the *Hyperotomachia* to the Tauchnitz Homer; or a book-lover of the kind—very shocking, we suspect, to Mr. Lang—who would like a Lemerre reprint on Dutch paper of the *Hyperotomachia* better than the genuine Aldus; or as a merely curious person who likes to read pleasant things admirably written, takes up the volume, is likely soon to put it down. On book-worms, how they “carol like very chancieer”—an awful experience; on Mme. du Barry, who—it was just like her gracious, if graceless, and childlike, if very uninnocent, ways—bought up several thousand casual volumes in rose-coloured leather to prove that she was a “littery woman”; on a hundred other things and persons Mr. Lang has a very pleasant say to say. His illustrations, too, are not to be disregarded. There is a pleasing frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane, depicting a youth mounting library steps at the bidding of a mediæval sage, who sits in a most admirable chair, resembling those in which the porters of our colleges and our great houses await the strayed reveller. Then there is a reproduction in chromolithograph of a binding which we do not greatly admire; and, lastly, there is the charming title-page, dear to all lovers of French literature, of Galiot du Pré's *Roman de la rose*, where the lover, all difficulties over and all obstacles removed, is at last in a position to say, as he does in the original:—

Ainsinc de la rose vermeille.

Mr. Loftie, in dealing with the collection of manuscripts (as he does in a few workmanlike pages), has to confess that the ordinary amateur can hope for little that can be called literature, and must content himself with Bibles, Psalters, Missals, Books of Hours, or service books of one kind or another. The hints given, however, for collation and identification of period are very clear and sound. Mr. Dobson has a wider subject, and has made the most of it in his space. In something more than fifty pages he has reviewed the whole history of English book illustration for the last hundred and fifty years, giving account of the characteristics of each master's work, and now and then some excellent criticism. The remarks on Blake, on Bewick, and on Thackeray, as well as those on the chief illustrated journals of the present day, are thoroughly sound and admirably expressed. This part of the book, moreover, has the advantage of lavish illustration, from old plates and blocks of course for the most part, but none the less welcome for that. Here the reader may make or renew acquaintance with Mr. Tenniel's adorable “Black Kitten” from *Through the Looking-glass*, with the fine production from an American magazine of Blake's solemn illustration of recumbent figures for Blair's *Grave*, with Mr. Rossetti's “Sleeping Sisters” from *Goblin Market*, and with many other old favourites, besides some comparatively new ones of Miss Greenaway's and Mr. Caldecott's. A more delightful book of the kind it would be difficult to imagine, impossible to find.

ARABIAN PILGRIMAGES.*

THERE is something so fascinating about the idea of desert life with its perfect reversion to the circumstances and surroundings of Patriarchal times, that books of Arabian travel are always certain to meet with a good reception. When, as is the case with Lady Anne Blunt's *Pilgrimage to Nejd*, they are full of fresh information imparted without pedantry, and of stirring adventure told with good taste, the critic's task becomes a pleasant one, for there is nothing but good to say about them. The author is already known by the charming account she has given of previous travels on the Euphrates and through Mesopotamia and the Syrian desert, of which the journey to Nejd forms the natural complement. Nejd, or the Highlands, is the very centre of Bedouin life, the scene of the exploits of their ancient heroes, and is to the Arab, from a national point of view, what the Hejaz is to the Mohammedan from a religious standpoint. It is also the birthplace and the chief stronghold of that Wahabi power which, at one time, threatened to revolutionize the whole Moslem world, and actually constitutes a formidable source of danger not only to the Ottoman Government, but even to our own rule in India. The political situation in Arabia before the establishment of the Wahabi kingdom at the beginning of last century is thus explained in the editor's preface, and will serve to correct many erroneous notions that are prevalent on the subject:—

All Arabia was independent of central authority, each tribe, and, to a certain extent, each town, maintaining its separate existence as a State. Religion, except in its primitive Bedouin form, had disappeared from the inland districts, and only the Hejaz and Yemen were more than nominally Mohammedan. The Bedouin element was then supreme. Each town and village in Arabia was considered the property of one or other of the nomad Sheikhs in the neighbourhood, and paid him tribute in return for his protection. The Sheikh, too, not infrequently possessed a house or castle within the city walls, as his summer residence, besides his tent outside. He in such cases became more than a mere suzerain, and exercised active authority over the townspeople, administering justice at the gate daily, enrolling young men as his body-guard, even on occasion levying taxes.

* *A Pilgrimage to Nejd*. By Lady Anne Blunt. London: John Murray. 1881.

Six Months in Meccah. By T. F. Keane. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

He then received the title of Emir or Prince. It was in no other way, perhaps, that the “Shepherd Kings” of Egypt acquired their position and exercised their power; and vestiges of the old system may still be found in many parts of Arabia.

Amongst the chieftains whom the new state of things drove out of the country was one Ibn Arûk, who settled at Palmyra, and with whose lineal descendant Mohammed our travellers made acquaintance. This young man, though boasting of high Arab descent on his father's side, was of less pure origin by the mother's, and the proud Anazeh tribe who lord it over Tadmor would not give him their daughters in marriage. This was a source of great grief to him, and his dearest wish was to seek a wife among his kinsmen in Nejd, and so wipe out the stain upon his pedigree. Mr. Blunt proposed to him to accompany himself and his wife on their journey to the country, and went through the preliminary ceremony of adopting the young Bedouin as his “brother,” an alliance offensive and defensive of the most inviolable character, and the party started out upon their romantic and adventurous journey. Mr. Palgrave's book on Central Arabia has made the town life of that country sufficiently well known; but little had been written of the great desert of the Nejd, which must be crossed to reach it, or of the nomades who inhabit it. Of these Lady Anne Blunt has given a lifelike and picturesque account. Travelling under the peculiar circumstances to which we have referred, and adopting Arab dress and habits, they naturally enjoyed greater advantages in this respect than would fall to the lot of ordinary persons; and the account before us is a valuable contribution to geographical knowledge, as well as a most entertaining book.

The first few pages introduce us to some interesting characters, and contain personal reminiscences of Mijuel, the Anazeh Sheikh, and his English wife, and of that Bayard of Islam, the celebrated Abd el Kader, to whose noble character the writer does ample, but merited, justice. A not very complimentary sketch is also given of Midhat Pasha, whose claims to pose as a reformer are declared to be totally unfounded. A characteristic incident occurred at starting; a cry of thieves was raised in the night, and the proprietor of the garden where they were encamped, with much noise and scuffling, brought in a prisoner whom he had captured, according to his own account, after a terrible resistance. Believing the whole scene to be merely got up with a view to *bakhshish*, they declined to take any notice of it, and “the two men good-humouredly let the matter drop.” Such comedies are by no means of rare occurrence in the Desert, and one which occurred in the experience of the writer of this notice may not be out of place here. Two Bedouin Sheikhs, after a long verbal contest, drew their swords and rushed upon each other with fearful threats of mutual extermination; their friends rushed to the rescue, and at once responded to the “hold me back some of you who know my temper” looks of the would-be combatants. The traveller insisted on the others retiring and allowing the Sheikhs to fight the matter out; but no sooner did these doughty champions find themselves alone than they relapsed into a broad grin and quietly put up their weapons.

We have not space to follow Lady Anne Blunt through the whole of her wanderings, and can only single out a few of the more exciting or interesting passages. The perils inseparable from such a journey were very real, and the travellers were more than once in danger of their lives. On one occasion they were surprised by a *ghazû* or raid. A troop of horsemen swept down upon them, charging them full with their lances; the lady was knocked down by a spear and her husband had a narrow escape for his life. The horses were confiscated, and the party were taken prisoners and carried to the caravan. There the tables were turned, for the attacking party proved to be kinsmen of their guide and companion Mohammed, and, of course, further hostilities were out of the question. They were exceedingly vexed, and naively expressed their annoyance at having to give up their prey, especially “the beautiful mares and the beautiful gun”; but Arab good-humour prevailed, and conquerors and conquered parted good friends. At Jôf Mohammed found his long lost relatives and a bride elect; the account of the negotiations for the dower, or rather purchase, of the young lady is very graphic and amusing. In the Nejd they found “a cairn with the remains of some old letters scratched on the stones, of the same kind as those to be seen on Sinai, or rather in the Wady Mokatteb.” It is to be regretted that fuller and more accurate copies of these are not given, as specimens of Nabathean writing are by no means common, widely as the language was spread over Arabia in the first centuries of the Christian era.

The respect for human life, which the rigorous prosecution of the blood feud instils into the Arab mind, has been disregarded by the ruler of Hail, the capital of Nejd, who put to death his relatives with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a Central Asian despot. It was therefore by no means a safe thing to venture into the city, especially as Lady Anne Blunt and her husband, through wearing Arab costume, did not conceal their nationality, and Wahabi fanaticism could hardly be expected to look with favour upon Ferinjee infidels. The Emir, however, received them very graciously, and they stayed long enough to be able to give some very interesting information about the town. From Hail they made their way northward by Meshed Ali to Bagdad, and brought their pilgrimage to Nejd to an end. The remainder of the book is occupied with an account of a journey from Bagdad to Bushire, which is less interesting than the Arabian experiences, and is a record of discomforts, disappoint-

ments, and misfortunes which somewhat mars the pleasant effect produced by the former pages. The reason given by the author, or rather by the editor, for its insertion is

that it serves as an additional proof, if such be wanting, of the folly of those schemes which, under the name of the "Euphrates Valley" and "Indo-Mediterranean" railway companies have from time to time been dangled before the eyes of speculators. A country more absolutely unsuited for railway enterprise than that between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf has probably never been selected for such operations;

and if, continues the writer,

the recital of our passage through the uninhabited tracts, which form nine-tenths of the whole region, shall deter my countrymen from embarking their capital in an enterprise financially absurd, I feel that its publication will not have been in vain.

The account of a pilgrimage to, and six months' residence in, Mecca by Mr. T. F. Keane is a work of entirely different character, but not the less interesting for all that. It reads, in fact, rather like one of those stories of astounding adventure which boys delight in, and which are chiefly to be found in the pages of juvenile magazines, and yet it seems to be true. During the pilgrim season 1877-1878 the author, apparently a light-hearted young sailor, found himself at Jeddah, and conceived the audacious idea of making a pilgrimage to the holy shrine. Unlike his great predecessors, Burckhardt and Captain Richard Burton, he did not prepare himself for the task by long study and experience of Eastern tongues and manners; still less did he take the preliminary precautions adopted by another Hajj, Herman Bicknell, the translator of Hafiz, who qualified as a Moslem at Cairo before setting out for Mecca. On the contrary, so slight was his acquaintance with Oriental languages that he seems at first to have adopted the name of "Abdur Mohammed," a title that is not only impossible, grammatically and philologically, but offensive to Moslem ears. A kind hint from a travelling companion, a young Indian nobleman to whose suite he attached himself, induced him to exchange his preposterous appellation for the more reasonable one of Mohammed Amin. In the motley crowd of pilgrims of all colours and nationalities, neither his appearance nor language attracted particular attention; and, by conforming to the gregariously performed religious ceremonies of the pilgrims, he generally escaped unpleasant observation. We say generally, because on one occasion at least he was in imminent danger of detection; and had that fortune which proverbially favours the bold to thank for his escape rather than any prudence of his own. The incident is so characteristic that we prefer to tell it in the author's own words:—

One day I was passing a large college on the outskirts of the town when the students of all ages, from five to fifteen, were out playing. . . . I was much amused watching them, when a little Hindi child near me shouted, "O, look at the Christian!" . . . Up to this nothing of the kind had happened to me, and, as it was unexpected, it took me very much aback. It also collected all the young imps in the neighbourhood, who took up the cry; and one great hulking brute stepped up to me and said in a blustering manner, "Christian dog, if you are a Mohammedan, make the profession of your faith." Now I am one of the most peaceably disposed of men—as "Jack" says, "I would rather run a mile than fight a minute"—yet all my life I have been getting dragged into fights. I suppose I must look like a fellow easily put upon, whereas I have a Bedawi aversion to dirt as an article of diet. This beggar riled me, and I did not feel at all disposed to give an account of myself to him. No, I just took the fellow by the shoulders, turned him round, and administered a kick in the rear that must have made him see stars. Now I do suppose I could not have perpetrated a more un-Mohammedan act. . . . It brought forth a yell of "Ya! Christian" from its recipient which was taken up by the whole crew. I had put my foot in it, had been taken off my guard, and now saw things could not be mended, so turned round and attempted to make a dignified retreat, when—whirl! close past my ear flew a blue object (a pigeon, I thought), but it lit a few feet ahead with a clatter that showed the kind of blue rock it was, and another followed, fetching me one on the skull that would have "settled the number of my mess" but for the thickness of my too-attractive headress.

He narrowly escaped being stoned to death; but by seizing an Arab child and holding it in his arms as a shield he succeeded in getting off without serious damage, and kept himself in seclusion for three weeks until the affair blew over. His exuberance of spirits would probably have made him sally forth prematurely from the house had he not taken the precaution of putting himself under opium all the time, and so acquiring another novel experience. The descriptions of Mecca itself, the holy shrine of the Kaabah and its precincts, and of the people the author came across during his sojourn, are very graphic, though given without the least attempt at literary embellishment. El Hajj Mohammed Amin has a great deal to say upon the subject of the slave-trade, and seems to think that English interference in the matter does little but raise the price of the article. With this view we differ very emphatically, though we must confess that no reliance whatever is to be placed upon any pretended co-operation of the Oriental authorities. A story is related, told to the author by one of the principal actors, of a craft with two negro slaves, perfectly happy and contented, on board, which was evidently about to be boarded by an English cruiser bearing down upon them. The crew promptly killed the negroes and threw them overboard. Mr. Keane's informant "regretted the necessity which compelled them to this mainly because they were both very strong men and very hard to kill," and he has no doubt but that "the lieutenant and interpreter found everything very satisfactory on board her half an hour after what must have been an exciting scene." In Mecca the author met with an English lady whose history and antecedents are somewhat mysterious, and add to the interest of this really extraordinary book. The pilgrimage was a very bold and adventurous under-

taking, and we hope that the pilgrim will shortly give us an account of his further adventures at Medina and of the rest of his career in the Hejaz which was, he tells us, one of such extraordinary adventures that he hesitates to publish it.

OUR RIVER.*

MR. LESLIE'S book on the Thames, with the motto *Thamesis meus ante omnes*, is as opportune in its appearance as it is delightful to read. There never was a book less literary in form. The author has succeeded, perhaps with no great effort, in the difficult task of writing as people speak. His style "seeks digressions," as Herodotus says of his own, and wanders about through river scenery, in a profusion of back-waters, and clear pleasant channels. Mr. Leslie has not, fortunately, attempted to write a methodical guide-book to the Thames with descriptions of the seats of the nobility and gentry in the style of the house-keeper of the Marquis of Carabas. He has simply given his personal reminiscences of the river, of its pleasant nooks, its villages and inns, its boating-people, birds, artists, fishes, and bores. Mr. Leslie has been a friend of the river from his childhood, when he used to hire a boat at Hungerford Bridge, and row up to Vauxhall or Chelsea and back. The Thames has greatly changed for the worse since that golden time, when arrowheads flowered and swans floated on the banks where the District Railway burrows and carries a weary crew of passengers through a sulphurous atmosphere. Once Mr. Leslie broke a scull in a schoolboy expedition, and had to leave his Greek lexicon in pawn for the exorbitant sum of five shillings. Apparently this depressing incident happened before the era of Liddell and Scott; Schrevelius was the hostage.

An affection for a river, once conceived, is never lost. The lovers of streams are as constant as their patroness, beautiful Tyro, in the Odyssey, who lost her heart to Enipeus, "far the fairest of the streams that wander through the world." Mr. Leslie does not seem to have flirted with Tweed, or Usk, or Avon, but to have remained true to the object of his first affections. The years and the inexorable march of stupidity mar the Thames; there are iron railway bridges, improved and hideous weirs, and, worst of all, there are steam-launches on the sacred waters. Mr. James Payn has lately published—we trust in a spirit of fine irony—his opinion that life on board a steam-launch, with endless luncheons thereon, is the roof and crown of athletic enjoyment. And a more practical and persistent votary of the practice defends it in public, on the ground that he himself "has been launching for years." But Mr. Leslie holds launches in the deep and just abhorrence which Mr. Frederick Walker expressed years ago in his caricature of the selfish launcher. Here is Mr. Leslie's statement:—

The much vexed question as to the use and abuse of steam launches on the river would, from its importance, require a whole chapter to itself; but as I am perfectly hostile to the launches, and it may be, slightly prejudiced in the matter, there would not be much use in my attempting to discuss the subject in an argumentative manner. I would, therefore, rather class the launches amongst those things which, in my opinion, are simply mistakes. I do not believe it is possible to really appreciate the river from on board a launch. The motion of the boat causes the perspective, both in front and behind, to alter so rapidly in a converging and diverging manner, as to have on the eye quite a painful effect, which after a short time becomes very wearisome. In the bows the wind and spray render a steady gaze a-head very uncomfortable, and a smoke out of the question. In this part of the vessel the passengers generally sit, as depicted in Walker's inimitable drawing in "Punch," with their backs to the view. In the stern the view is spoiled by the launch's smoke and swell, the banks are washed by a travelling wave, and the pretty floating weeds are all in wild commotion. Here, too, all is gritty and black from the smoke-stack, and the odious smell of the rancid engine oil is anything but the attar of roses.

And he says, with just contempt, that what the owners of launches like is "to have an excuse for wearing the manly flannels of the rowing man without exercising a single muscle in them." He is sure the people on board do not feel happy; "they are generally rather pompous," and perhaps "a little grain of conscience makes them sour." On the whole, he attributes the existence of steam-launches to idle selfishness, vanity, greed, and stupidity. For our own part, we think that a man who can enjoy a steam-launch would, in favourable circumstances, have greatly exceeded the iniquity of Nero. That Emperor, at least, was an artist, and to him a steam-launch would have been an impossible abomination. But Mr. Leslie mentions two exceptions to a general rule, two owners of launches who are not so bad as they might be. May they be converted!

Let us leave a disagreeable topic and return to the Thames. "All bridges are delightful to look over, but Henley is the best in this respect I ever knew," says Mr. Leslie. The pleasure of reading his book is very much like that of looking over a bridge. The clear stream flows by, carrying flowers and water weeds in the shape of pleasant memories and fragments of good-natured gossip. What can be better than this little sketch of a summer night in the old years that do not come again, when England was strong by land and sea, and grew her own corn in abundant harvests?

My father once or twice described this journey to me. It took place in the latter part of the month of August, the moon shining so brightly that the labourers were at work in the fields all night getting in the fat

* *Our River.* By George D. Leslie, R. A. Illustrations by the Author. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1881.

harvest. A sailor travelled with them who had been in the actions of Trafalgar and the Nile, and who had many exploits to relate; he put on nothing extra in the way of clothing as night approached, and on my father asking if he was not cold, Jack replied, "No, sir; I have a great-coat, but it is stowed away in the hold, and it is not worth while getting it out." He had a cutlass wound in his head so deep, that he could put his two fingers into it; he told how the crew of his ship, having received their Trafalgar medals, went off for a day's liberty; not five returned to their ship next day who had retained their medals. Poor Jack, it was ever thus!

Mr. Leslie has very little to say about the river above Culham. He was much disappointed with his first visit to Oxford. It is true that the river does not play its proper part in the beauty of that "sweet city with her dreaming spires." The Isis is too much a mere exercise-ground of Eights and Torpids. "The only college that came up to my ideal was Magdalen," says Mr. Leslie; but, if Wadham, or John's, or Merton had only the river in their gardens, he might also have found his ideal there. It is true that Oxford is not built of "good honest red brick"; red brick could never have given us Magdalen or Merton tower, though adequate to the production of Keble. And it is only too true that "the whole place seems to be perpetually having new patches put up all over it." But that is the fault of the baneful class of reformers who are always harring the colleges with commissions, and compelling them to throw away their money on stone and lime, for fear it should be spent on endowing Prigs, and encouraging the science of Philological Hypotheses. In his heart Mr. Leslie is a Cambridge man. "Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage" with the charms of the Backs of the Colleges, and the red bricks of Queen's.

A very interesting part of *Our River* is concerned with that admirable and deeply regretted artist, Frederick Walker. Unlike Mr. Leslie, Walker was an angler, and threw a fly very well. He would anchor a punt in a place where a big trout was known to dwell, and there he would interrupt his painting to cast again and again over the fish. But the Thames trout were too clever for him, as they are for most people, and it was only on his last visit to the river that he "gruppit" a good one, near Monkey Island. Many people who admired Walker's large unfinished piece "The Mushroom Gatherers" will be interested in learning that it was painted over a Thames scene, with boys bathing on the river bank. As for the actual picture of "The Mushroom Gatherers," which is now in Mr. Leslie's possession, the owner says, "the whole remains a vast dreary blank field, with a mournful and brooding sentiment about it. To me its beauty is the poetic feeling it seems to convey of Earth, Mother earth. One can imagine easily the weight of the whole world, beneath the finely toned grass." There can be no more felicitous criticism. Walker, like some other men of genius, "was very fond of cats, and had a degree of influence over them quite peculiar; he appeared to understand their language, and by talking to them could always succeed in attracting their attention towards him. Another resemblance in this respect to Sir Edwin Landseer." Passing, by a sudden transition which the pleasant desultory character of this work must excuse, from cats to fowls, we come to this singular piece of observation, worthy of a place in Mr. Herbert Spencer's book on "Cerebral Government":—

When a hen feels itself too small and weak to attempt a battle, it will approach the other with a humble expression, and holding its head down, will remain perfectly motionless whilst the other hen pecks it lightly on the comb two or three times. After this the two are friends, only it is always understood that the weaker one takes rank beneath the other. I have seen this happen so very often, that I am sure it is a regular custom—a sort of swearing fealty to a master, not unlike the customs of barbarous nations.

The Thames is naturally the haunt of artists. Mr. Leslie even feels inclined to think there are too many of them in some districts. But one may see almost as many white umbrellas between Loch Awe and Dalnally as where

"Every soul is sick of Knowle,
At Haddon Hall one grumbles,
Of Streasley Mill we've had our fill,
And murmur at the Mumbles."

At Wargrave Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Leslie have painted the sign of the George and Dragon; St. George militant is by Mr. Leslie; St. George triumphant, with a large flagon of ale, is by Mr. Hodgson. "They look already very old-masterly."

We have marked for quotation a number of amusing and interesting passages in *Our River* which want of space prevents us from extracting. The account of Mr. Mason, the artist, is very touching; the description of children bathing (p. 53) is a picture in itself. The pages on the art and mystery of managing a punt are useful, as are the directions and hints about the depth of water and the nature of the river bottom in various channels. The passages on natural history are full of delicate observation, and there is much that astonishes in Mr. Leslie's account of river waifs and strays (p. 234-235). The whole book will, we think, please all readers who are neither cockney anglers, obstructive owners of land adjoining backwaters, or owners of steam-launches. The drawings of scenery and figures are extremely delicate and touched with feeling. Among our favourites are "Landing Place at Monkey Island"—where reeds and poplars combine with soft summer skies and the wide river reaches to make a harmonious environment for a punt with a lady in it—"The Author's Punt" and "Entrance to the Backwater, Bolney Reach," a remarkable study of luxuriant river vegetation, broken by the sterner lines of poplars. In "Thames Swans" we are not certain that the art of the wood-cutter has been adequate to the difficult task of render-

ing very delicate reflections, and their wavy lines and ripples of light and shade. "Patrick's Stream, Shiplake," is another exquisite drawing of flowery fields, crowned by wooded hills. Mr. Leslie's book will delight every reader who loves to linger where, as a poet of the Thames sings,

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees;
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lays
Delay the lingering boat.

THE COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS.*

THE duty of the critic is to deal with all books impartially; nor should he be deterred from pointing out flaws or faults, where it may be necessary to do so, by any consideration of the toil or cost spent upon the work. But there are faults which mar the value and usefulness of a book, and there are others which prove little more than that no human work is perfect. In the case of the magnificent Atlas offered to the public by Messrs. Collins, the labour and outlay expended must, without doubt, have been very large; and it is but bare justice to say that they have been expended to good purpose. In the maps showing the present extent and position of the several countries of the world we believe that no serious deficiencies will be found; and that the information which the student may perhaps seek in vain in one map is fairly supplied in another. This must to a large extent be the case, unless the scale is so increased as to make the volume disagreeably unwieldy. On the whole, the work is one which may without hesitation be recommended as trustworthy and satisfactory, and there are but few volumes of maps of which it would be prudent to say much more.

Why the title-page should bear no date of publication, we cannot say. The lack is perhaps accidental, though in some similar publications it serves as a convenient means of covering defects which should have been supplied already. The railway map of Scotland does not show the completion of the line to Oban; it is possible and likely that the map may have been worked off before the new portion was opened. But it would have been well to anticipate all disparaging remarks by mentioning in a preface or advertisement the precise time down to which the maps have been corrected or filled up. The series of historical maps of Europe ends in 1871; but the maps of South-Eastern Europe and of Western Asia show changes subsequent to the recent struggle between the Czar and the Sultan. We are puzzled also at finding that the pages of Mr. Bryce's treatise on Physical Geography are numbered from 125 onwards. This treatise is respectable, and may perhaps be read continuously by those who do not mind travelling with the eye over a folio, and who may be satisfied with rather flattering likenesses of Negroes, Malays, and Red Indians. The reader may be struck with the differences in density of population between one country and another; but, though he may see a noteworthy fact in the statement that Belgium maintains for each square mile a population nearly twice as large as that which is furnished for the same space by Great Britain, he may get a mistaken impression from the division which speaks of the numbers professing the Christian religion as about 355 millions, Islam numbering about one-third of that number; while "those attached to one form or other of heathenism" exceed 700 millions. It is surely time that this fashion of putting Buddhists of every shade of thought into one lump with Beels, Khonds, and Hottentots should be brought to an end.

It is from no wish to depreciate this work that we mention a few instances in which it might have been improved by the bestowal of a little more care, and perhaps by the exercise of a little more judgment. The map of Africa, No. 5, gives us the position of Basutoland; the index does not contain the name; but, on looking to the more detailed map, 34, of Southern Africa, we found the name given as Bassuto, and so inserted in the index. Griquas are seen, but our questionable instruments or allies, the Svatzies or Swatzies and some other tribes, are invisible. Not seldom, even in maps on the scales employed in this work, names may be omitted from sheer lack of space; but, if it was not easy in the railway map of England to insert any names between Basingstoke and Kingston on the South-Western Railway, the line indicating the connexion between Woking and Ascot might without difficulty have been introduced, as such lines might with ease be given for sparsely peopled districts in Scotland and elsewhere. The map entitled Palestine in the modern series is open to stronger objections. To quarrel with it for being so entitled might be hypercritical; but although many names in it remain unchanged from the days of the Herods, yet Abilene and Trachonitis are not divisions known at the present time; and nothing is gained, but much is lost, by introducing the twelve portions of the old tribes. The plea that they are here given because the map of "Palestine in the time of Christ" shows the country under the divisions of Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, can scarcely be re-

* *The Comprehensive Atlas of Modern, Historical, Classical, and Physical Geography*. With Descriptive Letterpress of Physical Geography, by James Bryce, M.A., LL.D. London and Glasgow: W. Collins, Sons, & Co.

ceived as valid. In the modern map the tribes are utterly out of place.

When to these abatements we add that it would have been well if the mountain ranges could have been made more prominent, and in some cases the breaks in their continuity more distinctly pointed out, we have no further fault to find with the series of modern maps, which may be fairly spoken of as excellent. Such a break in a mountain range we have in the valley which intervenes between the Nilgherry and the Palni Hills in Southern India; and this break, more clearly traceable in the general map, No. 23, almost vanishes in the more detailed map of the Madras Presidency. Inconsistencies in the spelling of Indian names must be laid to the charge of all English writers who deal with them. The controversy raised about such names as Gandamak and Kolhapur may become as keen as that which seeks to determine whether we shall write in old European and Asiatic geography Calene or Keleinal, Aigai or Æge, Korkyra or Coreyra. It may be as difficult to hit on a consistent system in one case as in the other; but it might at least be settled which form we should adopt when we are called to take our choice between Beejapoor, Beejapore, and Bijapur. The Indian maps will certainly not suffer because they fail to exhibit the scientific frontier which was supposed to have been won by the Treaty of Gandamak, and content themselves with the more familiar boundaries of older days.

But we are not sure that the publishers might not have consulted their own interests better had they attempted less in the historical maps and in those which profess to deal with the geography of the ancient world. These maps lack the exactness of Houzé and the clearness even of Spruner's smaller School Atlas. We do not much care to see a map of Britain under the Saxons as a pendant to a map of Britain under the Romans, when this map itself plainly shows that it was not under Saxons exclusively. A small map of the British Islands in which the chief battle-fields are underscored, with their dates, makes up for the absence of some well-known names in the modern map, and is followed by a useful series of maps of Europe, ending with one describing the condition of things in 1871. The map which is designed to illustrate the history of India for the last three or four centuries seems to throw but little light on the existence or the extent of the empire of Akbar and Aurungzebe; but it is impossible that a single map should serve a purpose for which a dozen would scarcely be too many. Facing this historical map of India we have another which professes to give the world as known to the ancients. On the subject of such maps we have spoken plainly in the remarks which we made on Mr. Bunbury's *History of Ancient Geography* (*Saturday Review*, March 6 and April 3, 1880), and again on Mr. Keith Johnstone's *Geography* (*Saturday Review*, July 4, 1880). Unfortunately, these maps represent simply our knowledge of countries which were known to geographers before or after Ptolemy in a totally different way. Mr. Keith Johnstone's little sketch maps implied that explorers started with some fair conception of the scanty regions with which they had some acquaintance, and that they proceeded slowly but surely to fill up with some approach to correctness the outlines of the larger world which lay beyond them. The reproduction of a mathematically exact modern map, cut down to the limits known to ancient explorers, conveys a most erroneous notion of the state of their geographical knowledge; and if an atlas deals with the matter at all, it should do so by giving at least four or five maps exhibiting the plan of the world as it was conceived by Hecateus, Herodotus, Eratosthenes, Strabo, or Ptolemy. We are only going astray if we allow ourselves to fancy that the ideas of these and other geographers of the ancient world in reference to the relative proportions of the Peninsula of India, of Ceylon, and of China had more than the most remote likeness to our own, or even that in many cases they had any likeness at all.

Nor can we see much use in the map which does duty for ancient Greece. The later fortunes of the country have been pretty fairly exhibited in the modern maps and in the European historical series. It may be feared that this solitary map of ancient Greece may be taken by some as belonging to the whole period which preceded the fall of Corinth, or even the exploits of Dexippus at Athens. In this map Messenia looks as if it had an independent existence equal to that of Attica; and Megalopolis is given as an Arcadian city which may have been as old as Argos or Mantinea. There is nothing to show that Athens had greater power and a wider confederacy at one time than at another, or that Sparta and Athens headed rival confederacies at any time. These remarks apply, it must be confessed, with not less force to the Map 86, entitled Asia Minor, in which Lydia figures in its usual proportions between Mysia on the north and Caria on the south, just as though the kingdom of the Mermnad kings had never exceeded these limits, or had retained them for ages after the fall of Croesus. To the once useful map of the world, giving the discoveries and colonies of the European nations, no further exception can be taken than that it does not show with sufficient prominence the vast extension already acquired by the English-speaking race. There is no reason why the same colour should not in such a map unite the territories of Great Britain in North America with the United States, as the name of the latter, with the statement, as here given, of their independence, would suffice to show that they now form a distinct nation.

The volume is well furnished with a series of physical maps of the great continents, and of the British islands, as well as with another series of four maps showing the mean temperature of the air throughout the world during the four seasons of the year. These

are followed by others giving the distribution of the winds, of rain and snow, of volcanoes and earthquakes, of ocean currents and river basins, and, lastly, of the several members of the vegetable and animal worlds. The work closes with an index drawn up with a fulness and care which makes it worthy of the work. Of the appearance of the maps we cannot speak too highly. It is refreshing to the eye to rest on a surface in which so much is given without confusion and without straining the powers of ordinary sight.

SYDNEY.*

THERE is so much to commend in this novel that the reader is apt to overlook the faults which belong to its kind rather than to itself. It is a simple study of character, without any setting of landscape or philosophy, of studied style or of original thinking. In days more propitious to the drama it would have taken shape in a little three-act comedy, and would not in that form be very different from what it now is. But, if it is a slight affair, and reminds us of *Eugénie Grandet* chiefly by means of a ludicrously strong unlikeness in treatment and literary charm, it is negatively good, and, as novels go in England nowadays, we may even perhaps say very good indeed. All the characters are virtuous and agreeable people, without being at all goody; the scenes are truthfully drawn and without exaggeration, while a pure and wholesome moral atmosphere pervades the whole story. The chief personages are rich, without coming down to breakfast in purple velvet, or dining off gold plate; and afterwards, when they are reduced to poverty, they do not batten upon half-a-pound of "Dorset" in a garret. We are glad to see that Miss Craik refuses to have any part in that violent ostentation and tasteless vulgarity which are fast destroying the English school of domestic novel. Her characters converse with extreme ease and simplicity, and the dialogues form so very large a proportion of the book as to increase that impression of its being a play to which we have already referred. To the character of the heroine we shall give our attention presently; we may simply say now that it is a distinct success. The other women in the novel are scarcely less excellently drawn, and there is one remarkably good child. On the other hand, the hero is somewhat indistinctly given; although he is in our company almost incessantly from the beginning of the book, we have formed no particular impression of his personality when we close the third volume. We must grant, however, that the two young men who are introduced as a foil to the hero are very well presented in a mild and superficial way.

The main subject of the book is the development, through unusual suffering, of the slightly eccentric, but thoroughly loyal and sincere, character of the heroine, Sydney Godwin. She is well described in a few words:—

Sydney had been reading, and her book was still open upon her knees. She was a large, fair girl, with a quantity of blond hair, and changeable grey eyes, a girl whom many people did not call pretty, but whose claims to beauty provoked a good deal of discussion amongst her acquaintance generally. There were some who admired her greatly; some thought her noticeable; one or two before this time had fallen in love with her. But, on the whole, she was not considered very handsome. It had been said of her often that you could not help looking at her, but that she was a girl who, before you could come to any settled opinion about her, forced you to change your mind a dozen times.

Miss Craik contrives cleverly enough to keep this questionable beauty, this dubious quality of individual distinction, before us all through the novel, and though Sydney's personal appearance is scarcely alluded to again the reader is constantly allowed to divine the puzzling effect that her looks and manners have upon strangers. Sydney is a girl of great possibilities of character, slow-growing, indefinite still, and not by any means precocious. The interest of the romance rests in this—that the large, undeveloped creature is not left to ripen her powers gradually, but is forced, by a domestic crisis, to enter on the embarrassments of life too soon for her strength. How she suffers and how at length her radical health of character redeems her are points of real interest to the reader, which are skilfully brought forward by the author, mainly by the best of all means—namely, by dramatic conversation.

Sydney Godwin is the only child of rich parents—a father of considerable age, already somewhat obfuscated by an unbroken round of city anxieties and responsibilities, and a mother of no very special intellectual power, but full of tact and womanly sweetness. Sydney, at the age of twenty, is the large, blond, indecisive personage to whom we have been introduced, dowered with more than her mother's intelligence, but at present not half her genial and unselfish sweetness. She is not consciously or prominently selfish, but she is not so thoughtful for others as deeply immersed in the contemplation of her own soul, and the analysis of all her own impulses and prejudices. The early chapters give an amusing, if slightly prolix, account of a Christmas party at the country house of the Godwins, a party got up, a little against Sydney's wish, to gratify the full and hospitable heart of her mother. Two nice young gentlemen are invited to amuse two pretty young ladies. The latter distress Sydney by their frivolity, and the former bring her contempt down upon them by a little innocent flirtation. Sydney is so earnest in convincing the two gentlemen of their errors in propriety that she piques them both into what really amounts to something very like flirtation with herself. In the case of

* *Sydney*. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

one young gentleman, Mr. Marmaduke, a penniless person of very large and aristocratic expectations, it does, in fact, ripen, though neither of them realize it, into a warmer and sincerer feeling. As Sydney is still young in character, and as it is out of the question that Mr. Marmaduke should marry at present, the intimacy is allowed quietly to drift down towards the crisis of betrothal, when suddenly a much more drastic crisis gives a new direction to all their lives. Mr. Godwin speculates and loses his entire fortune, the shock, at the same time, completing the overthrow of his intelligence.

All this while a neighbour, a Mr. Loudon, a bachelor of over forty, has been in the habit of constantly joining the party at the Godwins', with whom he has been on intimate terms all his life. He is a very kind and genial man, and has remained unmarried that he might give his whole attention to his aged mother, who has lately died. It becomes plain to the reader, but not to Sydney, that he has gradually fallen desperately in love with her, and that he is only waiting for a fit opportunity to ask her to be his wife. Unfortunately, without his noticing that anything has happened, she has become convinced, through her icy maidenly reserve, that there is something charming to female youth in the masculine freshness of five-and-twenty. When the crash comes, Mr. Loudon thinks that his chance has come; he takes the Godwins into his house, and he persuades Mrs. Godwin, on whom the whole responsibility has fallen, to accept the present necessities of life from his purse; and then he very rashly and abruptly proposes to Sydney. To her he seems old and repulsive; not at all realizing or knowing the particulars of his generosity, she thinks it mean of him to thrust his unwelcome love upon her at such a moment, and she refuses him with indignation. He acts very kindly; gives her an opportunity of appearing to be earning her living by finding a situation for her in Switzerland as teacher of English to two German girls; and to the shores of the Lake of Thun the three Godwins presently repair.

But Sydney gains very little by her teaching, and, as her father becomes more and more hopelessly invalided, various delicacies and expensive contrivances are required for him, and found no sooner than required. It takes her inexperience a long time to come to the certain conclusion that Mr. Loudon is paying for all these things, and when she charges her mother, that worthy woman tearfully confesses to the impeachment. Sydney's pride is deeply wounded, and she begs her mother to return him his money and accept no more, but she soon learns that this is simply an impossibility. Mr. Loudon takes her like a butterfly in the delicate but pitiless net of his generousities and her determination, and at last she consents to marry him for her parents' sake, not at all for her own. The beginning of a married life so started upon is, of course, extremely distressing; but, although both husband and wife have taken so perilous a step, neither quite realizing what was being done, the radical goodness of them both, assisted by several gods out of machines, lends them very prettily into unison of heart at last. How this is effected, of course, is Miss Craik's secret, and one that we recommend our lady readers to find out for themselves. It is a very pretty story, cleverly devised and wholesomely carried out.

One of those hitches or uncorrected alterations of intention, which amuse the reviewer as much as the failure of a piece of scenery to descend amuses the playgoer, occurs in the first volume, and should certainly be corrected. Mr. Marmaduke, the handsome young man, plays so slight a part in the story that Miss Craik meant to say good-bye to him early in the first volume, and accordingly wrote in the most circumstantial language:—

But before another week had gone the Godwins had left the Hall, and Mr. Marmaduke and Sydney never met again. This proved to be their last parting.

Unfortunately, in the course of the second volume, the effect upon Sydney of seeing once more the handsome face and hearing the cheery voice of her early flame was too great a temptation for Miss Craik to resist; and, in forgetfulness of her solemn asseveration, they did meet again. Nor did even this "prove to be their last parting"; for, quite well on in the second volume, the prophetic soul of the reader is perplexed by another interview between these young people. This however, as the playbills say, is positively the very last parting. This error, however, suggests some strange reflections. It could not have occurred if the volumes had undergone the most ordinary revision at the hands of the author, or even of a tolerably efficient press-corrector. What would the dear old lady-novelists of eighty years ago—the Amelia Opies and the Sophia Lees—have said to a sister of the pen who could not remember in her second volume that she had parted her lovers for ever in the first? They could recollect the tenor of a courtesy or the accident of a shoe-tie although ten serious tomes lay between them and the incident. Miss Craik is quite clever enough to make it worth her while to take more pains, to study her modes of expression, and give more unity to her plot. We hope that the next time she gives us a novel we may discover no such indications of unseemly haste.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume (1) of M. Taine's *Origines* is a curious commentary on an expression which he himself used—is it twenty-five or only twenty years ago?—in reference to Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution*. In that book, said the critic who thought

(1) *Les origines de la France contemporaine*. Par H. Taine. La Révolution. Tome 2. La Conquête Jacobine. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

that everything was explicable easily by half-a-dozen formulae, "les événements si nets que nous connaissons tous" were obscured and rendered mysterious by passion and wilful humour. *La Conquête Jacobine* is a singular vindication of the elder historian. Evidently the *événements* have come to seem much less nets to M. Taine. All his great learning and all his admirable power of lucid exposition do not avail to hide his own obvious astonishment at the way in which a faction numerically insignificant (M. Taine agrees with those who doubt whether there ever were much more than a quarter of a million actual "Reds" in the whole of France) plunged a great nation for years into the wildest excesses of absurdity and of crime. The account of these excesses, however, is as unsparing as it can be. So much misplaced ingenuity has been spent of late by the Neo-Dantonist followers of Comte in whitewashing the Septembriseurs, that it is quite refreshing to find the literal facts, hideous as they are, set forth once more without the least exaggeration, but with all the advantages of literary skill. Considering the present complexion of affairs in France, M. Taine's book is rather a bold one, and ought to be salutary, though it probably will not be. The intolerance, the phrasemaking folly, the bloodthirsty partisanship of the old Republicans are here set before the new Republicans without fear as without favour. But the book is one of far too much importance to be despatched in a brief notice.

The *Correspondance* (2) of Talleyrand with Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna is another book rather to be mentioned than noticed here, especially as it has appeared simultaneously in English. It may, however, be observed that M. Pallain's editing is exceptionally good. Not merely are the fullest details as to things and persons mentioned given in the notes, but there is an *index nominum* which is in reality a small biographical and geographical encyclopedia. It is very seldom that the idle reader is saved all trouble so adroitly, and that at the same time the studious reader is assisted so skilfully with all necessary helps to his study.

M. Pégot-Ogier has written a learned and complete history (3) of the Channel Islands, the only fault of which is that the author has strayed unnecessarily, perhaps we should rather say unskilfully, into the history of France and England. The book is prefaced by a paper on the present condition of the islands, which shows M. Pégot-Ogier to be a strong member of the "French party," as it is locally called; that is to say, the party which desires—not by any means annexation to France—but the preservation of the existing autonomy, as distinguished from complete legislative union with England and representation in the English Parliament. Some of M. Ogier's statements in his preface are of doubtful accuracy. It is, for instance, quite untrue that secondary education is at a low ebb, though conducted *à grands frais*. The two endowed Grammar Schools, the modern Victoria College of Jersey and the ancient Elizabeth College of Guernsey, supply at very moderate *frais* an education at least equal to that of the most advanced English public schools, and infinitely superior to that of a French Lycée. When, moreover, M. Pégot-Ogier remarks that the islands are "plus libres que l'Angleterre, le pouvoir n'y est pas personnifié," he shows a spirit of idle theoretical Republicanism which is simply laughable.

Any one who should, in the language of an old *mot*, say that M. Jean Fleury's best work is Madame Henry Gréville, would do him some injustice. His excellent book on Rabelais, taking it altogether, the best on the subject; and this on Marivaux (4) deserves, we think, the same commendation, though M. Fleury is, in our judgment, inclined to set the author of *Marianne* rather too high. The book contains a careful account of the life and writings of Marivaux, with (in an appendix) a reprint of several pieces which M. Fleury thinks have been unjustly excluded from the standard editions, and a good disquisition on *marivaudage*. This latter has always been a difficult thing to explain to persons (especially Englishmen) who do not know Marivaux. M. Fleury takes good literary standing ground when he selects euphuism and Sterne's peculiar manner as other species of the same genus. Had he known Lamb, which we are inclined to think he does not, a third example, still more instructive, might have been given. *Marivaudage*, in short, is an artificial style of writing, which is artificial after the peculiar fashion of Marivaux; and, if any one is not satisfied with this variation of the famous definition of an archdeacon, we must refer him either to Marivaux himself or to M. Fleury.

M. Décès's rather formidable volume (5) of philosophical dialogues is an attempt once common, but now rare, at producing, not exactly a *théodicée* or a theosophy, but a reconciliation between faith and science. In the author's own words, his effort is to discover "by the experimental method the principle of causality and the first cause." We shall not attempt here to determine how far this somewhat ambitious quest has been achieved. It strikes us, however, that, like all dialogue makers, from Socrates downwards, Dr. Décès is rather prone to set up the opposition only just strongly enough to give the champion whom he favours some credit for knocking his enemy down.

A tractate (6) on the famous *εἰρηπύριος πυθμῖν περὶ αἰῶνα*

(2) *Correspondance inédite du prince de Talleyrand et du roi Louis XVIII.* Par G. Pallain. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Histoire des îles de la Manche.* Par M. Pégot-Ogier. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Marivaux et le marivaudage.* Par J. Fleury. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Science et vérité.* Par le docteur J. B. L. Décès. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le nombre géométrique de Platon.* Par J. Dupuis. Paris: Hachette.

œuvres, which puzzles all readers of the *Republic*, is also a somewhat antiquated exertion, though it is not the worse for that. M. Dupuis comes to the conclusion that the mysterious number = 100 x 216. He gives a history of the various interpretations; but it is rather odd that a student of Platonic mysteries should quote Philo on the authority of Jean Bodin.

M. Salvador's reprinted treatise (7), or rather collection of reprinted treatises, on the religious question is a curious but not very enlivening book, in which remarks on the Crimean War, arguments to prove that the Crucifixion was, in the first place, an act of deicide, then of populicide, then of legicide, and many other strange things are gathered together with a kind of serious simplicity which, at any rate for a time, supplies the want of practical force, method, and style.

It is well known with what zeal and success M. Ernest Daudet has devoted himself to the local history of the south of France during the Revolutionary period and that of the Restoration. He has now followed up his *Terreur blanche* by an account (8) of the obscure Royalist conspiracies a quarter of a century earlier, at the outbreak of the Revolution, of which the mysterious camp of Jalès is the principal mark in the memory even of most of those persons who know the period fairly. M. Daudet has told the story clearly and well. His book has a good map, which is not unnecessary, for Jalès is not marked even in the excellent departmental maps which accompany the *Guides-Joanne*, much less on the usual maps of France.

Another contribution to the history of the Revolutionary period, of more personal interest though of less actual importance, is Baron Ernouf's *Souvenirs d'un jeune Abbé* (9), the letters of a young priest who was obliged to join the Republican army, and served in the campaigns of Flanders (1793-94), the Lodi campaign, and the siege of Genoa. The editor has subjoined some interesting minor documents bearing on the period.

M. Rolland has translated a selection (10), as it seems, of Mendelssohn's Letters of 1831-32.

The late M. Edouard Fournier's interesting and characteristic *Paris capitale* (11) is an not unworthy finish to the numerous or innumerable studies of old French history or literature, which he long made palatable to a public more difficult, as to the matter of its literature, and certainly more difficult as to the form, than our own. It is many years since M. Guesard (to whom literature owes the publication of at least a considerable part of the unequalled treasures of early French epic) confessed with much amiability in reference to Fournier that this public "le lit et ne le lit pas." The author of *L'esprit des autres* was worthy of the compliment. He had his weaknesses, as, for instance, in the present volume the astounding discovery that the humour of England is due to a pre-Cæsarian emigration from Lutetia to England may serve to show. They must have carried the plant, roots and all. But with a certain combination of real erudition with picturesque condescension to the needs of the average reader, M. Fournier stood almost alone, and we do not know that he has left any heir to his qualities.

M. Marius Topin is not an extraordinary critic, but of the ordinary critic he is a very good specimen indeed. These republished papers (12) on French novelists sin, if they sin at all, by an excess of charity. We are not disposed to acquiesce in the exaltation of Gabriel Ferry, in which M. Topin indulges, and his remarks (very respectful ones in the main) on Flaubert show that eradication of the humorous element which M. Fournier, as we have just mentioned, has accounted for in a manner surprising but satisfactory. But the papers are very good as far as they go, and we should be hard put to it to match them in the average reviews of English periodicals.

A convenient edition of Doudan's *Pensées et fragments* (13) puts the thoughts of that noteworthy thinker within the reach of everybody. The author was one of those rare persons who in this hurried age carry out the principle of the Scotch warning, "Tak' time," and his work is valuable accordingly. It is possible often to differ from him; never to disdain his results.

Colonel Trumelet (14) has done a real service to literature in collecting and commenting the legends of the Algerian saints which he has come across. The book is well written, very unusual in kind, and very well worth reading.

If any one can be thought worthy to figure in the pleasant series of small quarto books on good paper, with ample margin, which M. Calmann-Lévy has instituted, that person is Heine. The man whom two great nations dispute—one alleging him to be a German strayed in France; the other, a Frenchman strayed in Germany—whom all Europe admires, and in whom critics, not incompetent to decide, see the greatest man of letters of the pure nineteenth century, cannot be too fully illustrated by criticism and biography. These reminiscences (15) of his niece, the Princess

Della-Rocca, are very unpretending in character, but full of interesting personal details.

Sensible angels of the critical kind—if there be any angels who are critics—fear to tread on the character of Alceste more than on anything else, except the character of Hamlet, in drama or literature. M. Coquelin, however, has a perfect right to give his opinion (16), an opinion which is recommended by quite other qualifications than those of the *dilettante* man of letters. M. Coquelin's point is that Alceste is a comic, not a tragic, character, and he supports it with some good argument. The subject is so dangerous that we shall offer no comment, except to draw attention to a curious difference which illustrates admirably the eternal variation between French and English conception of dramatic literature. If M. Coquelin prefers Molière to Shakspeare (which he does with discreet hesitation), it is because "les individus créés par Shakspeare se démentent quelquefois; ceux de Molière jamais." Now we say that this proves our case, because human beings always do contradict themselves sometimes. But the vista of controversy which this opens is too appalling.

M. Jules Vallés has a bad name, which perhaps on any fair ground he ought to share with M. Gambetta and many other persons. Nevertheless, we are glad to welcome a new edition of his interesting book, *Les réfractaires* (17), a contribution to the history of *La sainte Bohème*, which must never be slighted. The singular article on Gustave Planche is perhaps the most curious feature of the book.

We can only mention a charming reprint (18) of a Flemish account of Vasco de Gama's second voyage, with a French translation, a preface, and a facsimile of a delightful sixteenth-century map, with a crowned and sceptred monarch sitting placidly in the middle of Africa.

The Persian Ladies' Book (19) contains many pleasing instructions as to what is or is not "wajib," that is, "the proper thing," under the various circumstances of feminine life. "Il est wajib de se laver trois fois la tête avec du savon" seems to show that most Persian ladies ought to have light hair, which yet history does not warrant us in concluding that they have.

The *Bibliothèque utile*, in three new numbers which have reached us, sets a disquisition on free will (20), one on the Pacific Islands (21), and a kind of boiled-down essence of positivism (22) from no less a pen than that of the indefatigable Dr. Robinet, within the reach of every Frenchman who has three times sixty centimes to spare.

We have no doubt that M. Maurice Block is in private life a most amiable gentleman, but his contributions to the *Bibliothèque des jeunes Français* fill us, we must confess, with terror. *Le budget* (23) and *L'impôt* (24) seem to be destined to create an infinite number of the same sort of persons who (as M. Taine tells us, or rather as he confirms our previous knowledge) were the curse of Republican France ninety years ago. A smattering of information on public affairs is a terrible thing. The same fault cannot be found with Michelet's *Henri-Quatre* (25), though it has plenty of others. At all events, it is not *bête*.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Salon (26) deserves the attention of sensible people who, intending to visit the original exhibition, prefer to know what they are going to see beforehand.

Messrs. Hachette have begun in *L'art dans l'antiquité* (27) one of those elaborately illustrated books which they have few rivals in producing. The letterpress is excellent, and with the illustrations no fault can possibly be found.

In the *Revue des arts décoratifs* for April (28) we must notice an admirable etching of the southern door of Beauvais, one of the finest specimens of Renaissance work.

It is a serious thing to say to an Academician *Sat prata biberunt*; but really there does not seem to be much else to say to M. Feuille, à propos of his *Histoire d'une Parisienne* (29). The Parisienne has an *éducation exquise*, the result of which, as it appears to a brutal Saxon reader, is to make her a very bad wife. She marries the first comer at her mother's bidding, and during the service—probably because she feels herself the centre of an imposing spectacle—she "touches heaven." But the unfortunate Baron de Maurescamp, though he is to all appearance

(16) *Molière et le Misanthrope*. Par C. Coquelin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(17) *Les réfractaires*. Par Jules Vallés. Paris: Charpentier.

(18) *Le second voyage de Vasco de Gama à Calicut*. Par J. Ph. Berjean. Paris: Charavay.

(19) *Le livre des dames de la Perse*. Par J. Thonnelier. Paris: Leroux.

(20) *L'homme est-il libre?* Par G. Renard. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(21) *Les îles du Pacifique*. Par H. Jouan. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(22) *Philosophie positive*. Par le dr. Robinet. Bibliothèque utile. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(23) *Le budget*. Par M. Block. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(24) *L'impôt*. Par M. Block. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(25) *Henri-Quatre*. Par J. Michelet. Bibliothèque des jeunes Français. Paris: Hetzel.

(26) *Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon, 1881*. Paris: Société des Artistes français. London: Hamilton Adams & Co.

(27) *Histoire de l'art dans l'antiquité*. Par G. Perrot et C. Chipiez. Livraisons 1, 2. Paris: Hachette.

(28) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Avril 1881. Paris: Quantin.

(29) *Histoire d'une Parisienne*. Par O. Feuille. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Paris, Rome, Jerusalem*. Par J. Salvador. Deuxième édition. 2 tomes. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(8) *Histoire des conspirations royalistes du Midi*. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Hachette.

(9) *Souvenirs militaires d'un jeune Abbé*. Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Lettres inédites de Mendelssohn*. Traduites par A. Rolland. Paris: Hetzel.

(11) *Paris capitale*. Par E. Fournier. Paris: Dentu.

(12) *Romanciers contemporains*. Par Marius Topin. Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier.

(13) *Pensées et fragments*. Par X. Doudan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(14) *Les saints du Tell*. Par le colonel C. Trumelet. Paris: Didier.

(15) *Souvenirs intimes de H. Heine*. Par la princesse Della-Rocca. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

honestly attached to his wife, has a fashion of showing his attachment which revolts the young woman of the *éducation exquise*. She tries to make herself unpleasant to him, and he is so lost to decency as to accept the intimation. Thereupon she is not angry, only very very sad. A beautiful Comte de Lerne turns up, and Mme. de Maurescamp, who is sternly virtuous, accepts him for a *maître d'études*. The coarse Baron, who has already allowed himself to drop into the most regrettable entanglements with a young American person who drinks pale ale and porto (M. Feuillet seems to have mixed the vanities of the Anglo-Saxon race rather unhappily here, for Americans usually prefer lager-beer and champagne), resents this blameless friendship and slays the Cicisbeo. It is true that an accident has made the duel terribly unequal, but the Baron does not know this. The young woman with the *éducation exquise* first quits, but after a time returns to her husband, waits till she has found a male guest who can fence better than he, and then transfers her cigar to the lips of that male guest, adding, when he sends her a billet, saying that he will spare her husband in the consequent meeting, a delicate reply, "Ne vous gênez donc pas." This, according to M. Feuillet, who should know, is the result of bringing up young persons in a state of *candeur adorable* and *éducation exquise*. It is perhaps not surprising that we barbarians still prefer our barbarous methods.

It is very pleasant after this dull and unhealthy stuff, which nothing but M. Feuillet's skill as a workman makes even readable, to take up such a charming child's book as *Les enchantements de la forêt* (30). The opening story, describing how a valiant eight year-old boy set out to discover the "Green Princess," and what he found, is as good a thing of the kind as we have read for some time. Another volume containing stories of no great length, but of considerable excellence, is *Une femme romanesque* (31). The title story, describing the temptation and victory of a country lawyer's wife, is very carefully and delicately done. The next, *Adrien Malaret*, tells of the woes and subsequent bliss of an inventor; and the third, pitched in a high key, but short, tells of an act of heroism in the Prussian war, which, if a few such had actually occurred, would have altered the history of that war not a little. M. Catulle Mendès is an accomplished writer, but we think we like him better in poetry than in prose. In *Le roi vierge* (32) he has tried apparently to combine the manners of his late father-in-law and of M. Alphonse Daudet—an unhappy combination. *Lancêtre* (33) is a new working up of a very old motive—the resurrection of a man embalmed alive a couple of centuries ago, and his consequent surprise at the manners of to-day. In general, of course, the thing is a little hackneyed, yet the particular application of the satire is smartly done, and often deserves a laugh. *La succession Marignan* (34) begins with a murder and ends with a drowning. The interval is fairly filled up, and we have read worse novels of the sensational kind. But the hero who "pounced" a bull-dog to death in two kicks must either have been capable of giving points to a Liverpool corner man or else must have had a terrible pair of boots on. It would seem that M. Georges Glatron (35), in gratitude for having (if we remember rightly) begun his career under the patronage of the *République française*, has vowed himself to the service of the anti-Church crusade. This is a pity, for he has capabilities. M. Darc (36) is to all appearance partly of the same faction. Now, novelists should not be of a faction. In *Les farces de l'ami Jacques* (37) M. Silvestre, who, like M. Mendès, is a poet who has clipped his wings for a time, has written stories often somewhat too broad for English taste, but amusing, and not very harmful according to their own standard. Lastly, *Un parquet en province* (38) contains some very fair character-drawing, but is perhaps unnecessarily tragic in tone.

- (30) *Les enchantements de la forêt*. Par A. Theuriot. Paris: Hachette.
 (31) *Une femme romanesque*. Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (32) *Le roi vierge*. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Dentu.
 (33) *Lancêtre*. Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (34) *La succession Marignan*. Par Paul Saunière. Paris: Plon.
 (35) *Les disciples de l'abbé François*. Par Georges Glatron. Paris: Lemerre.
 (36) *Le péché d'une vierge*. Par Daniel Darc. Paris: Charpentier.
 (37) *Les farces de l'ami Jacques*. Par A. Silvestre. Paris: Ollendorff.
 (38) *Un parquet en province*. Par B. Arbré de la Roche. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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